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AN advertising screed which has just been laid on our desk announces to potential subscribers that The Outlook views "life's affairs in their true perspective."

THE statement is rather dismaying. Obviously, The Outlook does not view ideas or people or events in the black and whites, let us say, of Mr. Mencken and his followers. Neither is it a defender of Babbitry like Dr. John Roach Straton. In fact, being an authority to or on other people—from either side of the fence—isn't conducive, in our view, to getting what we are after.

It is true that the antics of both sides afford us considerable amusement. Pie-throwing is always fun—even if the pie-throwers themselves get to be authorities merely on throwing pies—and nothing else. But the limited sort of fame which they receive in exchange for an open mind does not attract us. And their philosophy, if any one takes it seriously, results only in again setting up some one else's authority as our guide through life. And this isn't to our taste.

SO what is a "true perspective"? Well, certainly every intelligent man realizes that he doesn't know very much about most things. So that he wants the facts set before him by people of his own kind—people on whose honesty and judgment he can rely. You may remember that "The Education of Henry Adams" meant the life of Henry Adams. And that his "education" lasted until the day of his death. And that the more he knew, the less sure he was of all so-called "authorities"—and the more amazed he was at the variety of man and the complexity of the universe.

SOME such thing, we think, is the experience of most wise men in life. By and large, the man who has set ideas which he thinks other people than himself should also accept has closed his mind—whether he be a Mr. Mencken or a pope. His mind is no longer amazed at anything, and he has no perspective on life's affairs at all. He has become an "authority."

THIS is the opposite gate from the one through which we hope to depart this life. The Outlook does not wish loudly to pronounce. It wishes to select and present, to understand and interpret—in a word, to pursue the fascinating path of a "liberal education." If this is a "true perspective" on life's affairs, we will let it go at that.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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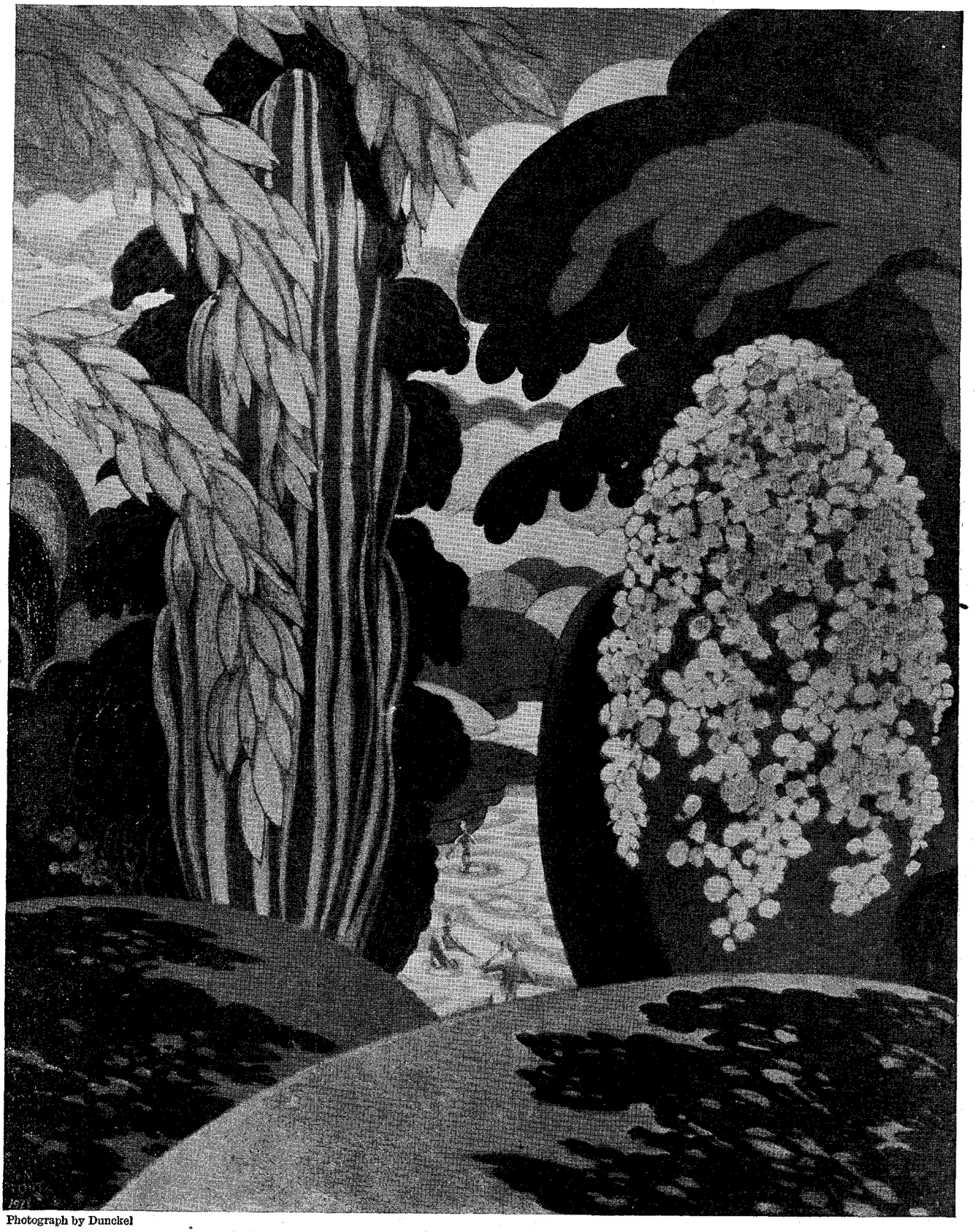

Photograph by Dunckel

A PAINTING BY LOREN STOUT

Loren Stout, whose imaginative and decorative drawings have long been a delight in the magazine world, has succumbed, like George Bellows and Rockwell Kent before him, to the lure of oils. Mr. Stout spent last summer in Rhode Island, and returned with many fascinating canvases in his new medium. The above example suggests a new aspect of Rhode Island. One might almost call it Rhode Island of the "Arabian Nights"

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The Outlook

Volume 148 February 1, 1928 Number 5

Tammany Hall and Al Smith

By WALTER LIPPMANN

SINCE it is not impossible that the Democrats will nominate a Tammany man for President of the United States, we shall hear much in the next few months about Tammany Hall. For the name of Tammany is firmly established in people's minds as the symbol of corrupt government, and any one who has to face the voters outside of New York with a Tammany label attached to him has a heavy prejudice to overcome. Of anything connected with Tammany most Americans are inclined to believe the worst. They greet the claim that there is a new Tammany with cynical suspicion.

It may be useful to inquire why this prejudice has become so firmly established. Offhand, it would be said, I suppose, that from the days of William Marcy Tweed to the days of Richard Croker the Tammany organization practiced all the political vices—the defilement of elections, the seduction of ignorant voters, the prostitution of justice; that it grew rich, fat, and defiant upon commercialized vice, the sale of public offices, the plunder of the treasury, the blackmailing of business, and the betrayal of the taxpayer. Tammany, it would be argued, has such a bad name because it has such a bad record. And yet I do not believe that this explanation really accounts for the feeling which is aroused by the word Tammany. New York City has been corruptly governed under Tammany. But its corruption is not unique. Scandal for scandal, the evil record of Tammany can be matched in the history of many, if not most, other American cities. The story of the Philadelphia Gas Ring is in every aspect as disgraceful as Tammany's. Cities like Chicago, San Francisco, Cincinnati, have experienced fully as bad government as ever came out of Tammany Hall. I think one can go further and assert that the corruption which has made Tammany notorious, far from being unique, was really typical of American local government in the period between the close of the war between the States and the beginning of the twentieth century. Tammany at its worst was never a solitary flower of evil growing in a garden of lilies.

The whole age in which Tammany disgraced itself was an age of extraordinarily low public morality. With the exception of the few years after the European War in which the Ohio gang was operating in Washington, there has been no time in the history of the Republic when honest men were so timid and dishonest men were so bold. But of the foul traditions of that age Tammany has managed somehow to assimilate to itself the whole odium. In point of fact, it was one corrupt political ring among many. But in the minds of most Americans it is the symbol of all corruption.

THIS is due, I feel morally certain, to three main causes: The Tammany machine operated in New York City, and so it was very conspicuous. It had a picturesque name. Its operations have been exposed repeatedly and effectively, and have therefore lent themselves to discussion by students of government and writers of text-books. Obliterate the word Tammany, transfer the practices of the organization to a town less in the spotlight of the world's opinion, and cancel out the exceptionally rigorous exposures to which New Yorkers have subjected Tammany, and it would hardly be believed that the corruption practiced by Tammany differed much from that of dozens of other political machines of its time.

What was unique was not its crookedness but its prominence. "I begin with New York," wrote Bryce in 1894, when he was discussing the perversions and corruption of democratic government, "because she displays on the grandest scale phenomena common to American cities, and because the plunder and misgovernment from which she has suffered have become specially notorious over the world."

I do not think I exaggerate the consequences of the fact that Tammany's corruption took place in New York City. The concerns of New York City are advertised beyond those of any other locality in the United States. New York is the financial capital of the country. It cannot, therefore, long be out of the country's mind. New York is the publishing center of the United States. Its local press is read by editors and leaders of opinion throughout the Nation. In New York there are published, and in considerable measure written, a very large part of the periodicals read by Americans. New York is the port of entry for almost all Europeans. It is the first thing in America they see, and, unfortunately, often the only thing they see. Whatever happens in New York achieves a degree of publicity that is unique. New York murders, New York divorces, New York political scandals, receive public attention altogether out of proportion to their intrinsic interest or importance. They are exceptional news because they take place in New York. I do not say this is good. But it is a fact. Tammany's wickedness, like Lindbergh's pajamas and President Coolidge's griddle cakes, is known throughout the world because New York is known throughout the world.

But even then the wickedness of Tammany would not have been so well

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lodged in the public mind if the organization were known simply for what it is, as the Democratic political machine in the borough of Manhattan. Its outlandish name has enabled people to personify it as something very distinct and strange. We have, for example, a local Republican machine in New York which has surely been as corrupt in its intentions, though it has had smaller opportunities, than Tammany. But nobody apparently outside of New York City has ever heard of this local Republican machine. It is just another Republican machine, whereas the Democratic machine is notorious as Tammany Hall.

THIS name goes back to 1805, when a patriotic order called the Columbian Society decided to indulge itself in a characteristic bit of American monkeyshines. Just as we have societies which like to play at being sultans and pashas, and others which like to play at being knights and wizards and dragons, so this Columbian Society decided to play at being red Indians. It adopted as a mock patron saint the name of an Indian chieftain called Tamanend or Tammany. It organized itself into twelve "tribes" each with a "sachem," and put a "grand sachem" over them all. It appointed a master of ceremonies called a "sagamore," and the doorkeeper took upon himself the tremendous title of "wiskinski." In 1817 it showed its sturdy moral qualities by issuing an address to the city of New York denouncing the spread of the foreign game of billiards among young men of the upper classes. And once, it is said, the society owned a natural history museum, which it sold to P. T. Barnum.

This age of innocence lasted, roughly, until about 1850, although Tammany was from the beginning a force in the affairs of New York. In 1834 the Mayoralty became directly elective. In 1842 full manhood suffrage was established. After 1846 the great period of Irish and German immigration began. The Tammany which the world knows grew up in the twenty years which followed—the period, let us recall, of the war and of the Western expansion and of the absorption of the older American leaders in great National affairs. As early as 1850 the Common Council of New York City was already known as the Forty Thieves. In 1863 William Marcy Tweed became the Boss of Tammany Hall. By 1871 Tweed had looted the treasury to a tune which raised the bonded debt of the city nearly 300 per cent in less than three years. By July of 1871 the New York "Times" had exposed the Tweed Ring, and Tammany's name was indelibly branded throughout the world. By November, 1873, Tweed was in jail, and in 1876 he was dead.

The American tradition about Tammany was created at that time. It was created by the New Yorkers who fought it, by the brilliant and courageous journalism of the New York "Times," by Nast's cartoons in "Harper's Weekly," by the thunder of Samuel J. Tilden. The tradition has been kept alive by New Yorkers. For, although Tweed was dead, his political heirs carried on for at least a generation, and therefore civic righteousness in New York has almost been synonymous with a crusade against Tammany. I was brought up in this anti-Tammany tradition, and I remember well how uncomfortable I felt when in voting for Al Smith in 1920 I cast my first vote for a Tammany man. Since then I have learned to vote enthusiastically for Smith, but I confess that I still wince when it comes to supporting a Tammany ticket on which his name does not appear. For, although I know that the present Tammany is above the average in political machines, and in all respects more competent than the local Republican machine, I have never been able to conquer altogether the prejudice which the name Tammany arouses.

No political organization ever had a worse reputation to live down than Tammany. Yet it is the simple truth to say that in the last ten years or so New Yorkers who are well informed have gradually had their anti-Tammany complex dissolved. Today in New York a Republican politician who raises an outcry about Tammany is looked upon about as the country looks upon a Republican who tries to cadge votes by waving the bloody shirt. I do not mean to say that the Tammany of this generation is composed of disinterested lovers of mankind who have renounced worldly ambition and material desires to serve the state. I do mean to say that the new Tammany will bear comparison as to its honesty, its public spirit, and its efficiency with any other political organization which operates successfully anywhere in the country. It is a governing machine which controls its following by the usual mixture of buncombe and idealism, personal favors and special influence. Its members have a good, normal, healthy appetite for jobs, for contracts, for real estate speculation, for law practice based on political pull. In the lower strata of the organization there is no doubt considerable petty profiteering on those who wish to have our multitudinous laws generously nonenforced. But along with this there are in Tammany Hall men of high personal integrity who are really interested in the art of government, liberal in their sympathies, and extraordinarily deft in their understanding of human nature. The organization, in brief, is not wholly predatory nor wholly philanthropic. It is simply an American political machine in a big city.

AS such it is of primary interest only to New Yorkers. What interests the country about it is its relation to Al Smith. To understand that relationship properly it is necessary to realize and to keep clearly in mind that Tammany is a local political machine, and that its main concern is with the city of New York. In so far as Tammany is still predatory, it has far richer opportunities in the city than it has anywhere else outside the city.

In backing Al Smith for Governor and for President Tammany is not reaching out for plunder. The four administrations of Al Smith have proved that beyond all possibility of argument. Those administrations have given the State of New York the most enlightened government it has known in this generation. No breath of scandal has ever touched Governor Smith. His tenure at Albany has been criticised on this point or that. But no serious person has ever questioned its integrity or its public spirit. Now Governor Smith in all this time has had the fervent support of Tammany Hall. If Tammany is purely predatory, how is that to be explained? The answer is that the career of Governor Smith means to Tammany not plunder but prestige, not an opportunity for corruption but a chance to save its political soul, not petty politics but large politics. In Smith, for the first time in its history, Tammany has experienced the pleasure of a good name. The new generation of Tammany men, although they are interested in taking care of themselves, have learned what many big business men have learned, that the rewards of good government may be more satisfactory and enduring than the profits of bad government. I put the matter on no higher ground than that because if I went on to say, what I personally believe to be the fact, that there is a gen-

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From a drawing by W. J. Enright

Alfred E. Smith

uine strain of civic virtue in the new Tammany few would, I fear, believe me.

What I think is indubitable is that the motives of Tammany in supporting Governor Smith lie in the region of pride and prestige, and not in the region of jobs, contracts, and plunder. The object of Tammany is to make him great, to prove to the world that a great man was reared on the sidewalks of New York, and to bask in the reflection of his glory. I have been told, and I believe it to be true, that the late Charles F. Murphy, who was Boss of Tammany Hall when the Governor was elected for the first time, looked upon Al Smith as the hope of his declining years, and that he exerted all the great power he commanded to protect the Governor against the importunities of his own henchman. The power of Tammany, which had traditionally been used to control public officials, was in Smith's case used to free him from the necessity of pandering to the machine.

The career of Al Smith at Albany fits that notion at every point. Since the death of Mr. Murphy there has been no Boss of Tammany Hall in the old sense of the word. There has been a leader of the Democratic Party, the Governor himself, from whom the nominal Boss, Mr. Olvany, receives his instructions in all important matters. In the exercise of that leadership Governor Smith has aligned Tammany solidly behind a program to reorganize the State Government which embodies all the principles thus far devised for destroying that kind of invisible government which Tammany is supposed to represent. It is a curious, but very significant fact, that a product of Tammany Hall should have devoted his four terms of office to creating a structure of government in New York which makes the elected head of the State Government the visible and responsible master of it. That record is the best possible answer to the fear that the advancement of Smith means the extension of the kind of politics which the name Tammany suggests. This Tammany Governor who went to Albany has reconstructed the State Government so as to realize in practice the ideals of the political reformers.

It is significant that he wanted to do this. It is significant that he was free to do it. It is even more significant that the Tammany leaders have again and again taken off their coats and gone to work to roll up a huge majority for Al Smith and his reforms. It is not necessary to suppose that they have themselves become reformers. What counts in a realistic appraisal of this matter is that Tammany's support of Al Smith is based on a realization that his unsullied reputation is their greatest asset, and on a desire that no interest of theirs shall interrupt the fulfillment of his career.

If one were to dig down deep into the souls of Tammany men today, one would find, I think, that their hope of seeing Al Smith in the White House has almost nothing to do with any personal ambition for National office or for National influence. One would find, I believe, that what moves them is the thought that one of them, their friend and companion, might rise to such heights, and in his rise give a new dignity to them and to their own origins. I have no fear whatsoever that, if by chance Al Smith went to the White House, there would follow him to Washington the system traditionally associated with Tammany. It may be foolish to prophesy, but I am convinced that if Smith were President, Tammany would constitute itself a kind of vigilance committee to see that no wicked politician dared to embarrass the pride of Oliver Street. Any other course would, in their eyes, be the most despicable of all the vices—it would be treachery to a friend.

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Hangman's Holiday

By COURTENAY TERRETT

THE murder of Albert Snyder by his wife and her lover was not a notable crime. It possessed none of the elements—mystery, riches, and social glamour—which commonly make murders "good" in a journalistic sense.

Yet the murder, and then the trial, and finally the execution, provided a hangman's holiday for press and public which exceeded, in its enthusiastic Sadism, any similar event in a decade past.

The murdered man, a thoroughly average and undistinguished wage-earner, was not in his grave before the newspapers, which had found the current Chinese revolutions and the Ford-Sapiro libel suit dull pabulum for their readers, remembered that the Hall-Mills case, a genuinely "good" murder story, had done wonders for their circulation. Instantly the Snyder-Gray case was stretched to fill as many columns in a day as the Spanish-American War received in a week.

Before the hard-faced woman and Gray came to trial the public was acquainted with the names of their grandparents, the most intimate details of their amour, and their favorite dishes.

When they were put on trial, even the scrupulous dignity of the presiding justice could not prevent the legal process from becoming a circus.

Visiting British peers and lachrymal lady novelists, former police commissioners and naïvely excited authors of realistic dramas, were hired as "trained seals" by the newspapers in their hysterical rivalry. The most self-consciously upright journal in New York printed every word of the transcript that any reader might trouble to read, and another ran five separate and individual versions of each day's session.

It seemed an unbelievable amount of commotion for a fattish housewife and a commonplace corset salesman to have aroused by the mere bungling murder of the woman's colorless husband.

Afternoon papers sold out from five to eight editions daily on the story, and the morning papers, hours late with the account, enjoyed an equally profitable jump in circulation. Crowds fought so violently for entrance to the court-room that police reserves had to be called out; and in the room itself, one of the largest courts in New York City, spectators were so tightly packed that not only women but men fainted in the fetid jam.

Thus it was that the public was fully acquainted with the drabbest details of a case which in times of plenteous news might have earned two-thirds of a column daily in the more capacious papers; and thus when the Court of Appeals and then the Governor rejected the man's and woman's pleas for a new trial, for commutation to life imprisonment, for a reprieve, for any mercy, the public was waiting hungrily for their last words.

IN the interim of months between the time Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray vanished into Sing Sing and the time for their last revival in the public prints the newspapers had whooped up a mediocre murder trial far down in New Jersey. It had not been a notable success; so now they eagerly made ready to give their readers all the thrills they craved. A "good" electrocution sells as many papers as a Presidential election, more than a World's Series game. Men and women who ordinarily buy one morning paper get them all; and, still not certain that they have gleaned every detail, send out for the evening editions and the tabloids.

The tabloids and the full-sized tabloids sent squads of reporters and photographers, "hush men," "fixers," and sob sisters to Sing Sing ten days before the appointed date of execution. One of the tabloids, more zealous than its rivals, had had a man stationed there for seven weeks before the day.

There was no news which one reporter for a news association could not have gathered and turned in in two hours a day. The only legitimate news was that given out by the warden in his office and what fragments could be picked up by lounging around the yard and watching the sad-faced mothers come on their last visits.

For the more respectable papers that news was enough until within a day or two before the end, but for the papers which demanded news when there was no news the "pipe story" was the reporters' only recourse.

It came to pass, therefore, that after three days of more or less adroit invention, one correspondent jubilantly boasted of a beat over his rivals when his paper banner-lined an account of how Mrs. Snyder had petitioned her mother and the warden for black silk lingerie to wear to the chair.

This coup was eagerly rewritten by the morning papers of the same stripe, with one exception. That was the tabloid which had purchased the exclusive rights to "Ruth's Own Life Story" and which had actually obtained half a dozen sheets of pencil scrawlings from the murderess which her mother smuggled out of the death house. This paper, perhaps irritated that it had not thought of the novel idea, denounced the black-silk lingerie story as a fake.

Another of the little journals printed a daily story date-lined "Death House, Sing Sing Prison," and presumably none of its readers ever ventured the criticism that even a Supreme Court order could not get a reporter into the death house.

It was a matter of jest, even among the tabloid "hush men"—so titled because of their mysterious, sibilant conversations—that the author of these intimate accounts of the last days of Mrs. Snyder and Gray came to Ossining only twice in the fortnight preceding the execution, and on the second occasion ventured no nearer the prison gates than a hospitable saloon half a mile away.

It was in his New York office, and not in the saloon, that this particular correspondent created the story which sold an extra 20,000 copies of his paper one afternoon—a wholly imaginative recital of Mrs. Snyder's efforts to kill herself in her cell by banging her head against the wall.

So hysterical became the contest for news, real or false, that another paper ordered a girl reporter and a camera man to sit in a car outside a convent school ten miles from Ossining all one night on the chance that Mrs. Snyder's ten-year-old daughter might be concealed there, and that a rival paper might try to spirit her away for a photograph.

The attitude of the villagers, living in the metaphorical shadow of the great

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prison all their lives and supposedly inured to such matters as executions, took on the same color. There is an illustration in the case of a taxi driver who was transporting two reporters from the prison to the village. One of them remarked: "We ought to start a rumor that Mrs. Snyder's mother is dead. She's the only one the boys haven't killed off yet." When they returned from lunch, they were greeted with gloating generosity by their fellows, who informed them that they had had a "straight tip" that the mother had died of sorrow over her daughter's fate and that they had telephoned their offices to check the story in New York.

THE trial, with all its gaudy circus air, was never so hippodromic as the "death watch."

The newspaper hordes overran the prison and the village. The Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies set up several dozen wires in the back room of the conveniently near-by saloon, and sent up detachments of expert operators to file the thousands of words built around a few facts. High-powered cars dashed here and there on mysterious missions, and two of the petit journals sent their city editors up from New York to take charge of the field staff.

Telephones in private houses nearest the prison were leased by the alert "fixers" at a standard rate of $25 for twenty minutes for the appointed hour of the execution. A dilapidated hot-dog stand which stood nearest the prison gates and could have been replaced with a far better structure for $15 was rented for the evening by one paper and a special leased wire, complete with operators and sentries, was installed in it. This later gave that paper a five-minute beat on the flash report that the executions had been consummated; but, since its gaudy rivals had shrewdly had large quantities of papers carrying the news printed in advance, complete with diagrams, pictures, and eye-witness descriptions, this coup was offset.

Prison regulations barred these thundering herds from the gates after 4:30 each afternoon, but on the night before the execution a morning paper, which simply had to have an exclusive story with a morning-paper angle to it, wakened the warden at two o'clock to serve him with a valueless writ which had been issued by a jurist fond of seeing his picture in the papers.

To the accompaniment of flashlight flares and clicking cameras he was served with the injunction forbidding Mrs. Snyder's execution, and then went back to his outraged bed.

The day of the execution brought to Ossining those star reporters who had not come earlier, and they preserved a commendable aloofness and calm in the press headquarters in the saloon, while their lesser, frenzied brothers raced about in Ossining's gold-garnering taxicabs.

A few of them were depressed, nervously on edge, for they had seen other executions before, but never the execution of a woman. One or two, who had never seen society avenge itself upon a murderer, tried valiantly to raise their spirits by drinking. Whisky is not a successful narcotic on such occasions, however; the intelligence may be dulled, but the imagination is not.

EVENING approached. Word came from New York that the justice had vacated his writ, as every one had known he would unless he wished to suffer the humiliation of having the warden ignore it. The lawyers who had futilely defended the man and the woman—all the lawyers who had had any connection with the defense, and even their clerks and brief-case carriers—arrived for the last consolatory visits to those about to die. Incidentally, it was their last chance to get their names in the papers.

The searchlights in the prison watch-towers cut cold, sharp holes through the darkness, and the gray stone of the century-old cell block at the front of the prison seemed to soften, take on a more benevolent tone and outline.

Uniformed guards placed themselves at the outer gates of the prison, and soon there was a crowd surging up against them.

It was a street-carnival crowd—overly sleek youths and nervously noisy high school girls, fathers with cheap cigars and mothers with unruly children, paunchy men with whisky breaths who lounged in deeply upholstered cars, women with the wrong tint of lip rouge.

The acre or two outside the gates were overrun by this assemblage. Strolling couples clogged the sidewalks, and the narrow highway was soon choked with parked motors.

It was night, a January night, and rawly chilly, and it was three hours or more before the executions would be effected. There was nothing this crowd could see, except the prison itself and the photographic battalion. Yet it assembled, and waited, and grew merry as the time approached.

A pool-room Adonis leered, "Well, they pay for their fun tonight." The girls giggled shrilly.

Stupidly respectable men joked heavily, "Well, she'll be fricasseed chicken pretty soon, won't she?"

Housewives primly pursed their lips and observed, "I always say that if there was more of this sort of punishment there'd be less goings-on."

All that were missing—and that was because it was winter—were the hot-dog, pop, and balloon venders.

SOME of the reporters who had been appointed by the warden, in accordance with the statutes, to witness the executions for the State of New York found the crowd at the gates and the mob of beery hangers-on in the saloon equally oppressive, and strolled or taxied to the village and back, until finally they decided to enter.

Around their cars, as they drove in slowly through the guarded gates, the crowd gathered with eager curiosity, envious of these men who were actually to see what they could only read about.

"Kiss her good-by for me, Mac," yelled a drug-store wit to one fidgeting journalist, and the crowd laughed.

In half an hour Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray would be dead. They were to these outside the gates two photographs on newsprint who were that night more engrossing than the figures flickering across the movie screen. A woman had not been electrocuted for eighteen years, and might not be again for years to come. They could see the movies every night.

The last of the official witnesses entered the prison and passed down the long straight road beside the high spiked wall to the warden's office.

The guards lounged self-consciously, and the crowd, still strolling, still laughing, still conversing jocularly, waited impatiently for the racing cavalcade of taxies which would mean that a man and a woman were dead at the State's hands.

The time crept on, and suddenly it was eleven o'clock, the customary hour for executions at Sing Sing.

The crowd at the gates grew, if anything, a little noisier. It was a crowd containing many women as commonplace as she had been, many loud-voiced

(*Continued on page 188*)

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Man's Business and the Woman's

By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

THE late John Patterson, founder of the National Cash Register Company, was, like John Wanamaker, Marshall Field, and a few others, an enormously shrewd business psychologist and innovator. He sent for me some years ago and stood me before a great convention of wives of his district managers and salesmen, from which the husbands were excluded. The novel job he and his assistants had set for themselves was to educate and stimulate the "other half"—if not the "better half"—of their sales organization. It was, I confess, a unique entertainment and experience for my sex.

"My men are as efficient as their wives permit them to be—no more, no less," exhorted Mr. Patterson, in his decided way. "I've worked at only fifty per cent efficiency heretofore, by treating the wives as non-existent, when, as a matter of fact, they are an integral part of the organization." The wives had a whole series of thrills and educational courses that week. They gazed upon prizes of beautiful home furnishings which their husbands might win if they both tried hard. They were given a tabloid course in home economics and budget-making (Mr. Patterson has left his niece a bequest to propagate the budget idea among women generally), and they were shown by graphic stage representations how the ablest salesmen operate and given explicit programs of active co-operation with their husbands in selling. To my astonishment, they were also shown precisely how their husbands stood in the records of the company—a little stunt full of surprises, pleasant and unpleasant! This particular part of the plan, I have no hesitation in saying, is a serious mistake, not to say an impertinence. There are enough causes of friction between husband and wife without introducing new ones. Furthermore, an employee has a right to ask some financial privacy from his employer.

There are many indications that employers of men are aware, even if women generally are not, of the new rôle a modern wife plays in a man's business success. The old catchwords of a wife's duty and place are outworn and obsolete; they are not adapted to modern economic psychology and feminine progress. A wife in generations past had but to "feed the brute," bear him children, and be handy with the needle, plus a few judicious tears, in order to win her helpmeet's halo and fulfill society's expectations of her.

TODAY women of the more intelligent classes especially—the salesman, executive, professional levels—are, frankly, a problem as wives. They are often maladjusted to their husbands' economic status and psychology. Oh, I know that women with tortoise-shell glasses, standing upon "culture" rostrums, put the cart before the horse and say that men are not adjusted to their wives, and in pained, supercilious tones speak contemptuously of the "t. b. m." and his lack of culture and his preoccupation with business.

I am, however, an incurable realist on woman topics, and consider this idle twaddle. I think the average man on these levels is his wife's equal, and usually her intellectual superior, no matter if she has acquired a prattle which he finds incomprehensible about Ibsen and Browning or (let me be quite up to date) T. S. Eliot or Virginia Woolf. The far more vital fact is that she needs, and the greater success of her marriage calls for, a more intimate projection of herself into her husband's business and career, since it is their joint career. I believe that this is the greatest road along which women of America can travel, to fill the vacuum created by declining home labors.

It is a commonplace in all lands to hold up the French wife as a high example in this respect, for she is admittedly a wonderful business partner and lives closer to her husband than English, German, or American wives. America, to be sure, is not, like France, a nation of small business enterprises, which makes partnership with wives easy; but to say that such a thing is not practical in America is saying far too much.

Most of the talk one hears today is about women's careers. It is good talk—let it go on, because you can't go very far into that subject, if you are honest, without bumping into the fact that scarcely 1,500,000 women out of the 10,000,000 who are working are interested in the slightest degree in completely independent careers. To the remainder business is a temporary stop-over. They want marriage; are glad to give up their jobs; in fact, work only because a job enlarges their male acquaintanceship and provides money to dress themselves better for the marriage market. They admit openly that they want to work with men; that they haven't got the courage to do the big commercial things man does alone. There is also, on the other hand, plenty of evidence that American women do not want to confine themselves to the narrowed home duties, nor to lead a life of parasitic spending.

FACING these facts, is it not clear that if a woman chooses wifehood she must sooner or later, if she has energy and zest in life, choose to do something more than light housekeeping, childbearing, and being an agreeable companion? Is it not equally obvious that her most natural move should be to make herself a partner in what is, after all, their joint economic enterprise, namely, her husband's work?

We have given woman equal education, the ballot, and opened business offices to her. We have quite amazingly aided her in reducing household labors. She wants to be, and is, an equal. She wants to be, and is, more than a house servant, a "clinging vine," and an emotional toy. She is a self-reliant partner, and unless she has authentic special gifts of her own—not mere yearnings, but disciplined ability—she should take her place as definite aide-de-camp in her husband's business. A partnership in which the wife is a mere cook and housekeeper is like a partnership by a business man with his mere bookkeeper; it is an unfair and unwise division of duties, which women were justified in rebelling against, because it demeaned them and confined them. A partnership where woman is a mere idle well-dressed spender is, as Lady Rhondda has been insisting recently in England, a thoroughly unhealthy waste.

TO grasp more precisely what I mean regarding the modern woman's relation to her husband's career, let me picture some examples from actual life of what happens when she is out of key

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with her husband's affairs. The sales manager of a famous company told me recently that twelve of his best men in the last several years have come to grief over the matter of transfer to new territory. The company's—and, of course, the employee's—best interests called for transfer to another city. The men encountered stubborn resistance from their wives; but the company naturally could not permit its plans to be changed. Some of the men listened to their wives' vapid advice to find another job in the same city (thus relinquishing their cumulative standing), while other men forced the issue, but were made so unhappy in the new city by their disconsolate wives that they did not succeed, and were dropped.

Now, a woman compelled to relinquish ties in one city and move to a new community is entitled to some sympathy, but not to support in making herself a dead weight upon her husband's progress. I am told on good authority that it is one of the commonest happenings in business for men's careers to be endangered or wrecked by their wives on this rock of change of habitat. Offers to husbands of double and treble present salaries and distinct forward steps in career are opposed by women for no more intelligent reasons than habit, relinquishing of friends or relatives, bridge or dance companions, and petty social ambitions. Sometimes it is nothing but the age-old reluctance of woman to adventure forth into new country; "totemism" is the scientific word. Women have always invented taboos, superstitions, and bogies to keep their men at home; and it has rarely been a good thing for the race.

Only a business executive knows what a serious setback such experiences are to men. Sometimes they never get back their "punch." They nurse a secret bitterness, lose confidence in themselves, and often the wives sorely regret it in the end.

One case I know is an epic. A small-town man left his home at eighteen and "went West." He found his true level there; moved among a higher class of people, was stimulated and made ambitious. At twenty-four he had laid away a tidy sum, and came back to woo and marry the girl sweetheart he still loved. They were married, but she flatly refused to go West with him. All her relatives and girlhood friends were here; she would be unhappy away from them. He was too tender of his bride's feelings, and stayed; but an amazing retrogression developed in him within a year or two. The old environment dragged him back again to his old level in spite of himself, and he slid half-heartedly from one job to another, while children multiplied and the wife's love changed to contempt for what seemed shiftlessness, but was in reality a balked, mutilated personality. That the wife died young, a martyr to overwork and worry, is a true but not a palatable poetic justice.

This example from actual life indicates with mournful clarity how all-important is the psychology of a husband when he is the family's sole breadwinner, when his is the career on which the family's success is predicated. It does not matter whether the man is rich or poor—monetary success is not the modern American man's complete goal, nor the key to his psychology, despite the ill-informed disparagers of the "t. b. m." The same fault evidences itself, no matter what the husband's occupation. We have recently had searching revelations of the serious, repressive parts which the wives of Mark Twain and Abraham Lincoln played in their careers; at what odds and at what cost to their inner happiness these men "carried on." American wifehood can but hang its head at such instances of a chronic American state of a wife's maladjustment to man's work. Nor is the memory of Shakespeare's Ann Hathaway or Carlyle's Jane in England anything from which to build an alibi, for it but widens the charge to the Anglo-Saxon race as a whole.

It is my perennial quarrel with modern women that they are too engrossed in the pleasures of their new status to grasp the justice and the logic of their changed position, while the American man is too indulgently generous and also too unconscious of himself to be deeply concerned. If the American man is one-sided and his character suffers certain defects, particularly on the cultural and humanistic sides, in which women are by natural genius more skilled, a generous share of blame must be placed on the American wife. She has not made herself enough of a partner in his deepest interests to provide correctives. I frankly consider it more logical that leaders of women talk about and plan for their responsibilities as wives than to excite themselves over meticulous equalities of rights as women—so long as it remains a fact that nine-tenths of women prefer wifehood to a completely individual career.

The economic benefits of sheer wifehood under modern conditions of semi-luxury, idleness, and American male attitude are abnormally pronounced and obvious; in fact, so weigh down the wife's side of the scale that it is small wonder that men are waking out of their chivalric dream and cynically inquiring why they should marry.

American men are so bred to the doctrine that business must not be brought home, so influenced by the male tradition and vanity of displaying their success through their wives and their other property, that the road is not easy even for the woman who wants to be closer to her husband's life of business. It is perfectly true that the American man's enormous concentration on business is partly a reflex of his desire to support in idleness his wife and family in a manner comporting with his or her social and economic ambitions. He has asked little but that she be a credit to and an advertisement of his financial prowess. But this is far from the whole story, and any woman who comfortably falls back upon this alibi is deluding herself.

Charles Schwab has spoken for all intelligent business men when he says that it isn't money, but "putting your idea across," that animates the modern business man. This touches the very heart of my plea, for I insist that it is spiritual divorce for a wife to permit her husband to labor with the almost religious devotion and the fire of genius which the American man often applies to business at the job of "putting his idea across," without being in the thick of it with him. The American man of even semi-intelligent class is invariably marked with an idea to put across; it is a National trait, from Thomas Jefferson to George F. Babbitt; from the plumber on your corner who has a little invention he dreams about to the executive who visualizes a great "merger." To claim that a woman can be of little aid to a man in his business is to belie much of history and considerable of woman's own claims to capacity. I would like to see more women get very close to man's business, actually work side by side with him, if the work is fitting, but certainly the least she can do is to provide that backing, that interest, that faith, which gives a man courage and stamina.

THE most sorry sight I ever see—and I have seen many, Chautauquaing and lecturing about the country—is a wife who sneers at her husband's pet scheme and is constantly poking the

(*Continued on page 188*)

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Taking the "R" Out of Revolution

By IRVING T. BUSH

IN America things are still far from perfect, but it would be a discouraging outlook if there were nothing we could make better. There are two lessons to be learned: one by the conservatives, and one by the radicals. The conservatives must learn that progress can only be successful if it includes every one, and the radical must learn that only by patiently building upon what we have already can real success be attained. Perfection will never be achieved, for the top of the hill now in sight will open new vistas.

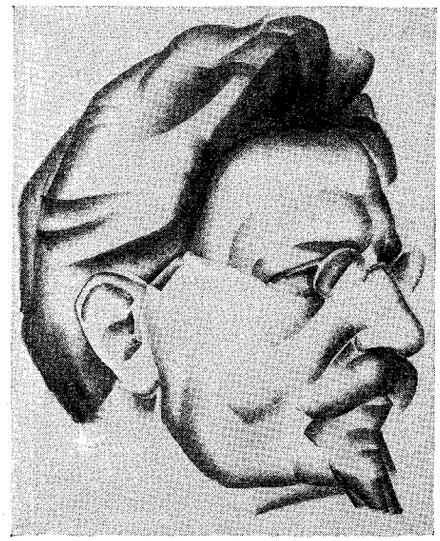
Bolshevism is merely a new name for discontent. Some seem to think Bolshevism, like caviar, comes only from Russia. It has always existed everywhere, and always will exist. It is a state of mind which convinces some one that he can run somebody else's job better than it is being run.

No one ever gets Bolshevik about his own job. That would be efficiency, and Bolshevism is the antithesis of efficiency. The parlor Bolsheviks do not want to dust the parlor—they want to run the government. The theorists wish to get right down into industry, about which they know nothing, and show the captains of industry a thing or two. The discontented workman does not want to improve his work—he would rather get his hand on the wheel. They are all back-seat drivers—and about equally useful. In a world where some one must always clean out the drains and fire the boilers they all wish to be chief engineers.

In backward countries a revolution may be better than the conditions which cause it. But there should be no room for that kind of discontent in the United States. We are a people who are staking our future on general education, and with intelligence we shall move forward, revolution free, to greater and greater heights of prosperity.

AMERICA is prosperous because she is intelligent. She is vibrant with energy and the spirit of adventure because she has created opportunity and because she has had the intelligence to permit the men who have built this prosperity to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

And yet I find a considerable number of well-meaning people tiptoeing around and looking under the bed for Bolsheviks here in this country where we have achieved the highest degree of prosperity, comfort, and happiness for every one that the world has ever known. If there is a place in the world where there is no danger from Bolshevism, it seems to me it is in these United States. I have tried to find out how many so-called Reds we have. Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, said in a recent speech that there are perhaps 15,000 among 115,000,000.



LEON TROTSKY

Recently exiled to Siberia, which may or may not put an end to his activity

Of course we have always had discontent—and always will have a little—but I believe there is less today of an objectionable character than ever before. We have built our democracy upon education, and have passed the point where "a little education is a dangerous thing" to the point where an educated citizenship argues out its differences of opinion and settles its problems. When we find we have made a mistake, we go at it again, but we have put firing squads in the discard.

We not only have an educated citizenship, we have an enlightened labor leadership. Where we have radical ideas in labor, it is in a few of the trades giving employment to the less-educated workers, and composed of many foreign-born who have not been here long enough to understand that their real interest lies in pulling at the oars with the rest of us and not rocking the boat.

A FEW weeks ago I left Russia. I feel impelled to use Russia as an object-lesson. I shall not attempt an economic analysis of Russian conditions. It is useless. A hole is plugged here, and a new leak opens somewhere else. Although the Russian ship of state sails on, the ship of Communism is slowly sinking despite the frantic efforts of the crew. Captains are changed and mutinies quelled. It does no good. Some day the sails will be trimmed and a course set upon charted seas. Until then we must wait and sail our own ship. It is our job to keep that on an even keel; and that, too, seems to me to be a part of this Russian question.

The hand that writes the story of Russia must be guided by a deep understanding of human motives. It cannot be written all in red ink, or all in black. It must tell with sympathy of three hundred years of suffering under the Czars, who probably meant well by their people, but were limited by the horizon of their times and surrounded by favorites who wished to fatten at the public trough.

I return from Russia with a queer mixture of sympathy for the people of Russia, appreciation of the courtesy of the Soviet leaders with whom I disagreed so completely and so frankly, and an amused tolerance at their frantic efforts to make everybody believe that they are getting ahead when they are really just splashing the water and rowing around in a circle.

Russia is a land of drab realities. Its story is sad to the depth of tears. It is heard in the folk-songs of the Russian

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people—songs which throb with the heart-beats of weariness and stifled hope. At the end of the Czar's reign came the Great War, with its mismanagement, corruption, and useless sacrifice of troops without proper equipment. Finally, as Lenine has said, the Russians voted with their legs against war, by running away from the front. There followed a short period of democracy under Kerensky—a Government flabby and ineffective. Meanwhile Lenine was sent into Russia by Germany to upset the last vestige of opposition from that country. It was a simple job, and when done he and his associates found themselves the owners of a brand-new Government and probably the most surprised people in Europe. That Government has lasted ten years and is still in power. Those have been years of desperate struggle to keep Communism in the saddle. They have also been years of endeavor to educate and uplift the people—an effort always tinged with class hatred—and years of struggle to make the theories of Karl Marx square with natural economic laws.

Russia is a land of bewildered leaders, untrained in the economics of leadership, still struggling to establish a theory of government which has already failed. It has failed because it runs contrary to the fundamentals of human motives. It is a theory fit perhaps for a perfect people, but unfit for men and women of today, a theory which insists that all work for the good of all, that service—no matter how high or how humble—shall be for the community, and the individual shall give up the hope of individual reward for individual labor. Perhaps a time will come generations later when the world will be ready for it. It serves no useful purpose to argue that question today. It is enough to recognize its idealism in theory and its failure in practice. We may dream dreams, but we must deal with man and economics as they are.

THERE is not an evidence of a single Communistic success in Russia. As a Government, it wabbles uncertainly upon a base of stolid individualism—the peasant. The Russian peasant has always been an individualist in thought. He has suffered much under hundreds of years of absolutism—a rule which took and did not give, a rule which found peasants in ignorance and left them there.

These kindly people have borne the burdens of Russia, have produced its wealth and fought its wars. They comprise eighty-five per cent of the Russian people. In matters of politics peasant Russians are yet inarticulate. They do not much care who governs them so long as they are let alone and given the fruit of their toil. Communism knows this, and leaves them alone. They do not own their farms quite as we own our land, but in the essence it is the same. The peasant is an individual controlling

JOSEPH STALIN

Who is considered Lenine's successor in Russia today

his farm and working for himself as an individual. Upon this foundation a bewildered Communism has floundered and failed. Its fault was not in its first purpose, but in its practice—because its practice was impractical. It attempted industry. Industry is business, and Communism disregarded all the economic laws upon which business success must be built.

If industry is to serve a people, it must give to them more than it takes. Merely to run a factory is not enough. There must be a balance when the cost is counted. There is no balance in Russia, and no evidence that there is hope of one. Factories are run and goods are produced. Their cost is high and the quality poor.

One might say this is but a beginning and improvement will come in time, but if the economic history of all industry tells anything, it proves that efficiency cannot be attained under bureaucratic control. Progress is made by initiative, and initiative must take chances. When responsibility is assumed in Russia, no reward is received if success is attained, and failure brings oblivion. In the United States, with our wealth of trained leadership to draw upon, we tried to run our railroads under public control and failed. We are trying to run our merchant marine, and the loss is written in red ink each year. Can there be a hope of better success in Russia, with an untrained organization filled with uncertain bureau heads?

THE outside world is told of great economic progress in Russia. It is true that factories, idle a few years ago, have been put in operation and production increased. Their output is on sale, but at prices exorbitant by outside standards. They talk of exports, but the chief articles of export are the product of individualism—the peasant.

The Government, it is true, exports oil. That is a simple process—pumping oil nature has provided.

The operation is very free from the complications of modern industry. Reports showing an industrial output greater than pre-war neglect to state that the comparison is—very properly—with Russian territory as it is today, and excludes Finland, the Baltic States, and Poland, the chief industrial sections of Russia before the war. This comparison is quite correct, but it gives a false impression of the increase.

The truth is that individualism—the peasants, eighty-five per cent of the people—is gaining because it is individualism; and Communism—less than fifteen per cent—is failing because it is Communism.

This is not generally recognized, because Communism is in control and claims credit for everything. The fact remains, however, that the only success in Russia has been the individual effort of the peasant, and the failure has been wherever Communism has been tried. Short-term credits from Germany and elsewhere are falling due very soon. They must be paid, or new credits secured. The leaders face this issue with a ruined credit. They are doing everything they can do to make foreign concessions temporarily successful, because they must tempt foreign capital. They express a willingness to pay foreign

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debts—provided they get more than they give. A lender is quite willing to discuss the merits of loans to the Czars, but he wishes to deal with a people who recognize the debt in principle as a debt of honor—not merely as something to trade with in order to get something more.

THE Russian Government seeks recognition. What it must seek is confidence. Without confidence, recognition is of no value. If Communism is a success, let it be proved without foreign help. The Commune has the wealth of the Czars, the natural resources of Russia, 140,000,000 people, and no debts that it admits. The leaders of other countries would like such a chance.

I credit the Communist leaders with a sincere desire to help their people; but I debit them with abysmal ignorance of the simplest economics and a fanatical intent to prove the success of a theory which has failed so completely that it should be apparent to a child.

One of their leaders said to me: "A government which admitted mistake and failure could not live a day." It is this unwillingness to face facts which is prolonging the agony. If Lenine had lived, I believe he would have had the courage lacking in the present leaders. But they have their troubles. The opposition of the Trotsky group is very real. There is a public opinion to deal with which has been told so often that Communism is a great success that confession of the truth is a bit embarrassing. The people of Russia never get outside, so they can form no opinion of the contrast. Clubs and theatre and opera tickets at reduced prices seem attractive, and they forget they pay for them through taxes.

There is no Lenine in Russia today. Some claim that Stalin has said he would like to go faster toward conservative methods if he dared. No one but Stalin knows whether it is true or not.

My opinion is that the Russian leaders are still blundering and learning. A few see quite clearly that they have failed. Others begin to suspect failure. Some valiantly uphold all of the fallacies of Karl Marx. Time and experience will convince them all, but evolution is a slow process.

What about political recognition of this turbulent mass of inconsistencies? The day for renewal of relations with Russia will come, but it is not here yet. We do not wish to barter our standards for a few concessions. We cannot give recognition where there is not confidence. Let Russia earn that first. Meanwhile, individualism in Russia goes on and Communism flounders. The loss is to Russia, not to us. Even the Russian people—our friends—are best served by our refusal to buttress a false foundation.

SHALL we invest money in Russia? Every man must decide that question for himself. Some day, under just laws, opportunity will open. The thoughtful man is not willing to bolster even in a small way any government which does not recognize standards of international honor. Nor is he willing to fool himself by sophistries, arguing that if he does not help Russia she will be a still worse neighbor. When we think a man is fundamentally wrong in his views and will not listen to experience, the best thing to do is to give him ample opportunity to prove whether he is right or wrong all by himself.

I do not defend any of the faults of the Russian Government. The bloodshed of Revolution fills me with horror—but revolution anywhere is not polite. I loathe the dishonesty of confiscation and repudiation, but they have brought to Russia the inevitable result of wrongdoing. A ruined credit is its own punishment. The Russian Government appropriated the wealth of Russia and disowned its debts, claiming that they would do away with capitalism. At the end of ten years they are begging capital from the debt-burdened countries which have honored their obligations. They started with a clean slate, and upon it have written failure. They have attempted to undermine the governments of those from whom they now seek to borrow. And yet I cannot find it in my heart to give back the abuse they give us. They seem like children ignorant of economic laws, confused and bewildered at the failure of the purpose they thought so high.

Do we take the failures of children seriously? Do we dignify their outbreaks by retaliation? If they get in our way we sometimes box their ears, but we try to keep out of their way unless they are our very own.

These unawakened Russian leaders are not our very own. Leave them alone, and time will teach them that international obligations must be honored if international respect and good will is to be secured. Meanwhile the greater loss is theirs—Russia stands still.

It is not necessary to compare the happiness of their people with our own—or their institutions with our own. It is only necessary to cross the Russian border and compare Russians with Russians. I have done so three times, from where Russia was to where Russia is. I have gone from Poland to Russia, from Latvia to Russia, and from Russia to Finland. A few years ago it was all Russia. Today a single mile across each border shows happy, well-clothed, smiling people in Poland, Latvia, and Finland, and drab unhappiness in Russia—a mile beyond.

NEED we even worry about China? Other races have broken against the Chinese wall for three thousand years in succeeding waves, and China is still China. The people of China have their own future to work out, and the process of Chinese education has begun.

If we keep out of the group of nations which wish to exploit China, and maintain our traditional policy of friendly helpfulness, we best serve ourselves, China, Russia, and the world. It will take time, and we cannot hurry the process, but Communism will never live long enough in Russia to penetrate even the outer skin of China.

Meanwhile our job is to keep right on making the United States a good place in which to live. So long as life is so attractive here that we have to put up bars to keep the rest of the world from swamping us, there is little to fear. Some will not agree with this view—they really enjoy the excitement of looking under the bed every night for a burglar. It is a harmless amusement if we do not let it take our minds off our real job. And, after all, isn't a little unrest a good thing? It is a spur to ultra-conservatism. It is certainly better than the complacency that stops progress.

Common sense takes the "r" out of revolution.

IF anything happens to these United States, it will not be from foreign propaganda. It will be because we Americans fail to take care of our splendid heritage, and close the door of opportunity to our young manhood and young womanhood. There is no challenge to America from without—worth getting excited about. The future within is our challenge, and if we face that calmly, tolerantly, and honestly, we will build here a model for others to copy.

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The Incredible Heflin

Editorial Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

IN the whole world there can be no more humdrum place than the Senate Chamber of the United States as it ordinarily appears from the press gallery above it.

Over the heads of the Vice-President and the clerks and the shorthand reporters rises the gallery of the press. Somewhere along its length and sawtooth rise a single news reporter sits and waits, or drowses, half asleep, as solitary and as silent as a watchman in the lookout tower of a great forest, for the puff of smoke and the spurt of flame from somewhere in the painted twilight below. Flame seldom spurts, and when it does the result is usually a small fire, put out by the scuffing of a few feet. But once in a long while it finds fire weather and littered leaves, and the Senate is aflame.

Such a moment came the other day.

"TOM HEFLIN'S ranting."

"About what?"

"Speaking to a point of personal privilege."

"Yes, but what's the point?"

"Oh, the Catholics, of course."

"Again? What in Heaven's name is the matter with the man."

"Obsession."

"What, exactly, is obsession?"

"It's—oh, something that gets hold of the mind."

"Well, that can't be what's the matter with Heflin."

The group of press correspondents that had gathered to hear the dialogue in the Senate dissolved.

Heflin, indeed, was exceeding himself in denunciatory eloquence. He laid about him with a broadsword that spared not priest nor nun nor infancy nor old age nor shrine nor shriving of doomed men. For sheer slaughter of the innocents, the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Eve was equaled at last.

Not many seats from Heflin sat Senator Walsh, of Montana, looked upon generally as the leading Catholic of the Senate—sat motionless except that now he took his right hand from the side of his face and held his finger tips together in front of him, now shifted his right hand back again to his jaw.

Heflin thundered on, gathering fury as he went. What it was all about was not entirely clear. He seemed to be saying that the Catholic Church was the procurer of the forged documents by means of which the Hearst newspapers broadcast the insinuation that Senators had received money from the Calles Government in Mexico. It seemed to some, the floor leader of the Democrats among them, that he was saying that because Mrs. William R. Hearst was a Catholic the hierarchy was able to work through her to influence her husband to perpetrate an outrage by the use of forged documents.

A Senator has the right to revise his remarks to his own liking before they are printed in the "Congressional Record." A little later Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, the Democratic leader, said from the floor that Senator Heflin had made the statements above indicated, and appealed to him not to revise his language out of all possibility of recognition—which, said Senator Robinson, Senator Heflin is in the habit of doing.

Heflin's denunciation swept to Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, to a Presidential candidacy designed by the hierarchy to make America a minion of Rome. No such man, he said, could have the Democratic nomination. Or if, by some miracle worked in hell, he could secure the nomination, all real Democrats would hang their heads in shame and, goaded by their disgrace, administer to him the most crushing defeat ever given any man in America.

One wondered if, in the face of a thing like this, Alfred E. Smith could escape being President if he tried; if, by the sheer shame of it, the Democrats would not be forced to nominate and the people to elect him, whether they wanted him or not.

Heflin approached his interminable conclusion. Senator Walsh's hands were gripped on the edge of his desk, his body tense, ready to spring erect and demand recognition. Walsh, the Catholic, was going to reply to Heflin, the Catholic hater. Here was something more dramatic than the famous combat between Conklin and Lamar.

Heflin sat down, exhausted by the vehemence of his denunciation. Walsh, right hand in the air, was calling, "Mr. President!" But Senator Robinson was on his feet in the same instant and, because he was the leader of that side, was recognized. Walsh sat down in visible disappointment.

Senator Robinson, white-faced, his voice vibrating in suppressed anger, flayed Senator Heflin for seeking to commit the Democratic side to things that it had never entertained, for conduct unworthy of a Senator from Alabama, for charging Catholic conspiracy in the matter of the Hearst documents when there was no word of evidence in the record of the investigation to support the charge, for injecting party politics where it had no place, and for dragging a woman's name into a filthy mess.

Heflin interrupted repeatedly without asking Senator Robinson to yield, challenging Robinson's right to remain as a member of the investigating committee and as leader of the minority. Finally, he was quieted and Robinson finished what he had to say.

Again Senator Walsh, finger extended, was on his feet. Again he was disappointed. The Vice-President again recognized Senator Heflin. And that gentleman used the better part of half an hour in telling how deeply he was hurt at having the leader of his own party in the Senate—and a Protestant, he emphasized—"prosecute me for doing my duty."

For the third time Senator Walsh was on his feet. And still the correspondents crowded to the gallery rail.

Senator Walsh was recognized.

"I have sought the floor," he said, "in order to address myself to the business before the Senate, the resolution denying to Frank L. Smith, of Illinois, the right to a seat."

THE correspondents of the older day may have seen more spectacular combats, but it is doubtful if they ever saw one so dramatically ended.

Possibly this ending would have been less dramatic if it had come earlier, but it might have been better for everybody concerned had Walsh been recognized when he first stood up.

Heflin ranting to the galleries is one thing. Heflin sufficiently important to be rebuked by the leader of his party in

(*Continued on page 199*)

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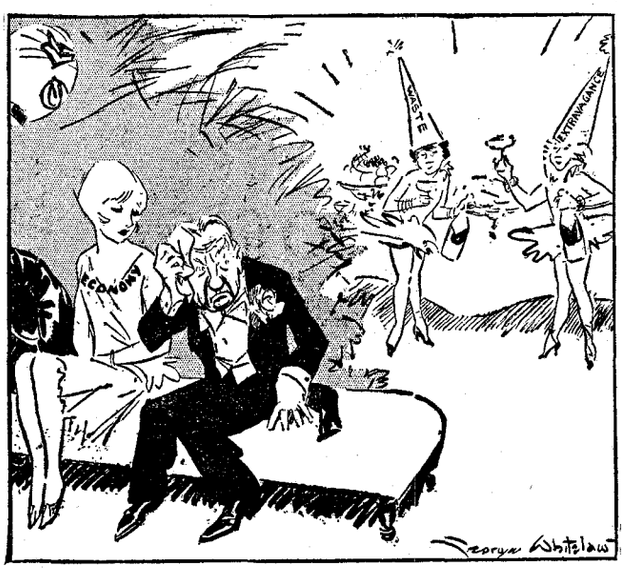
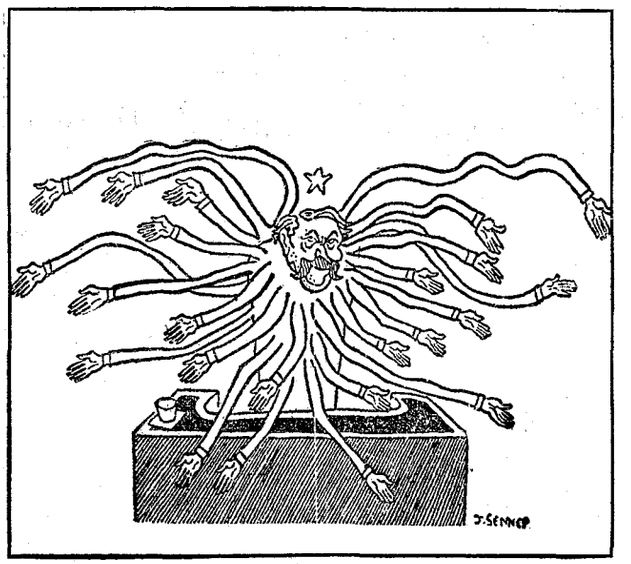
From European Papers

From John Bull (London)



Miss Economy: "I've waited a long time, Stanley. It's Leap Year. What about a definite proposal?"

From L'Echo de Paris (Paris)

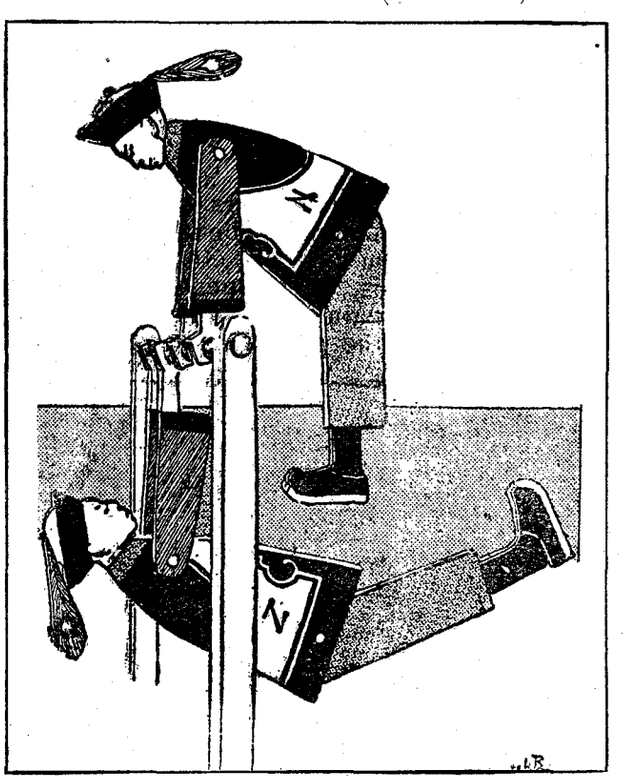


The real Locarno spirit

From the Irish Weekly Independent (Dublin)

A move to outlaw war throughout the world is the hopeful note on which the New Year has opened. The first step towards the outlawing of war was taken when the United States presented at the Quai d'Orsay the draft of the proposed treaty between America and France

From the Amsterdammer (Amsterdam)



The Chinese weather-vane
The governments of the North and of the South

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

February 1, 1928

Swift Justice in Michigan

WITH the Hickman case still in the headlines, another small girl, this time living in Michigan, was kidnapped and murdered on January 12. The crime did not arouse the widespread horror of the Los Angeles atrocity, possibly because on the day it occurred New York State was making preparations to execute a man and a woman in Sing Sing Prison to the accompaniment of columns of newspaper publicity. The public capacity to absorb the horrible is, after all, limited. But in Michigan an entire State was shaken. Sheriff's posses were formed. Vigilance committees were organized. Rewards were posted.

Four days later one Adolph Hotelling, a respected citizen of Owosso, Michigan, and an elder of a local church, confessed that he had committed the crime. He had been influenced, he said, by reading of the Hickman murder; a dubious explanation, since it developed that he had twice before attacked small girls. As in Los Angeles, there were threats of lynching and Hotelling had to be guarded with great care. On January 18 he was formally arraigned for the crime, entered a plea of guilty, and was promptly sentenced to spend the rest of his life in solitary confinement at hard labor. Less than a week after his crime he was serving his sentence.

The speed with which punishment followed this murder was due to the fact that there is no capital punishment in Michigan. It is in marked contrast to the Hickman case, yet to drag its way through the courts, and to the average murder case in States where death is the penalty. Here there was no lurid trial, no delay, no sensationalism, no sob sisters, no lawyers seeking to evade the law to gratify their lust for publicity. True, many of the residents of the State must have regretted that in this instance life imprisonment was the maximum punishment. The judge who imposed sentence voiced their regret. Beyond much question, however, Hotelling would have changed his plea had he faced the death penalty.

Illinois, as was brought out in the Leopold-Loeb case, is one of the few States permitting murder defendants to sentence themselves to death.

The Exclusion of Frank L. Smith

BY a vote of 61 to 23, the Senate of the United States has denied the right of Frank L. Smith, of Illinois, to a seat. The majority of the Senate held that Mr. Smith is not and has never been a Senator-elect, that the process by which he claimed election was so tainted with fraud and corruption as to make it not an election, and that the seat declared vacant is not Mr. Smith's seat—he never had one—but the seat which a duly chosen Senator from Illinois is entitled to occupy.

The power of the Senate to take this action is not, perhaps, seriously questioned anywhere, but its moral right to do so is questioned, mainly on the ground that it deprives a State of equal representation. It has been denounced editorially as an outrage by a number of newspapers.

Almost three-fourths of the Senators present believed, however, that they were not denying Illinois equal representation with the other States, but that Illinois had failed to qualify for representation. If it was an outrage, it is not to be charged to any party, faction, or section. Exactly as many Republicans voted for as voted against the resolution declaring the seat vacant, and of those who voted for it considerably less than half were of the insurgent faction. All of the Democrats except two voted for it.

If the action was an outrage, it was an outrage participated in by forty-two of the forty-eight States. Only four States—Connecticut, Colorado, Maine, and New Hampshire—have two Senators who voted against the resolution. It may be assumed that Illinois and Pennsylvania, if they had had two votes, would have been found with these four States. But the great majority of the States, as represented by one or both of their Senators, approved of the action taken.

Unless it chooses another in the place of Mr. Smith, Illinois must, presumably, remain with one Senator for six years, or at least until the complexion of the Senate is changed by the incoming of another Congress. Mr. Smith declines to resign and Governor Small to recognize the validity of the Senate's action in declaring the seat vacant.

It is a dangerous power that the Senate has exercised; but it is a power lodged in virtually all parliamentary bodies, and it can be safeguarded only by the conscience and good sense of the majority.

Pedagogical Timidity

AMERICAN colleges, particularly the women's colleges, have their press agents when a drive is being undertaken to raise an endowment; and they receive newspaper men cordially enough during Commencement and other festivities. But they become extremely nervous regarding reporters when real news is abroad on the campus. Always apprehensive that scandal will rear its head, they are inclined to suppress all information of what goes on behind the grilled iron gates.

Yet occasionally their timidity defeats their own desires. Some time on Friday, January 13, for example, Miss Frances St. John Smith, a freshman at Smith College, disappeared. When she had not returned to her rooms by Saturday morning, the college authorities gave a confidential alarm to the police. It was not until Sunday that the newspapers were notified, and the outside world first heard of the matter on Monday morning, January 16.

Precious hours were lost before photographs of the young girl were published. Among the theories were that she had been kidnapped, was a victim of amnesia, or had been seized with *Wanderlust*. And had any of these been true, the chance of finding her had been greatly lessened. One man later reported, in fact, that he had seen a girl similar to Miss Smith on a train and heard her talking about the college. Unaware that any one had disappeared, his suspicions had not been aroused.

In the end the college authorities and the distracted parents appealed to the

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press of the country to aid in the search.

Predicting War

STRANGELY, an admiral of the American Navy and a woman advocate of peace have both recently predicted the close approach of war.

At the third annual Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, recently held in Washington, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt declared: "The next war is certainly moving down upon us with the pitiless certainty of an avalanche." Rear-Admiral Charles E. Plunkett at a meeting of the National Republican Club in New York a few days later declared: "War is inevitable so long as we travel along the lines we are traveling today." Mrs. Catt used her prediction to urge treaties to renounce war; Admiral Plunkett used his prediction in order to urge the creation of a great Navy. Both predictions are attempts to frighten the country into the adoption of a policy. We hope the country will refuse to be frightened.

There are good reasons why the United States should have a strong and well-balanced Navy. There are also good reasons why the United States should make every effort to substitute practical measures of reason and law for the resort to force. But those reasons are not aided but obscured by fear. One of the sure ways to bring about resort to force is to arouse fear that some enemy is attempting to resort to force.

We do not believe that those who jauntily predict wars on general principles are serving the interests of the Nation.

The End of Another Peace Plan

THE efforts of the Governments of France and the United States to arrange a treaty outlawing war have come to nearly nothing.

Foreign Minister Briand first proposed an agreement to renounce war as an instrument of national policy between France and the United States. Secretary Kellogg replied with a proposal to extend the same principle to other Powers.

A complicated exchange of notes followed. In the course of it, M. Briand made it clear that such a general understanding as Mr. Kellogg proposed might commit France to disregard of her agreements under the Covenant of the League of Nations and under the terms of her treaties with her Allies on the Continent. The League Covenant obligates member nations to take measures against an aggressor, and M. Briand suggested that the American program be limited to apply to aggressive wars.

Through Mr. Kellogg's statements it became equally evident that neither would the Administration enter into any arrangement abolishing all possibility of war against any one nation—with the implication of political support that such an agreement would hold for a European Power already engaged in a system of alliances with other nations—nor would the Administration assent to any scheme involving even indirectly recognition of the League of Nations.

These positions of the two Governments have remained practically unchanged down to the latest note received in Washington from Paris. And this note was taken to mean the end of any chance for more than a renewal of arbitration arrangements with France, perhaps prefaced by a declaration of abhorence of war in which any one not definitely a war advocate could join without a qualm.

The negotiations must have shown Europe once more that the differences between the European and American political systems and view-points made it impracticable, at least at present, for a European Power to make any agreement with the United States except one limited to clearly specified purposes, affecting only relations between the two nations concerned, or one so general as to be devoid of actual meaning.

The Tariff Shelved

FEAR—or hope—of tariff revision at this session of Congress is dead. The House has gone on record, 183 to 164, as opposed to revision. The action was taken on the McMaster resolution from the Senate by very nearly a strict party vote. The Wisconsin Republicans voted almost solidly for considering revision and the Louisiana Democrats almost solidly for it, but they practically offset each other.

In the Senate, where the McMaster resolution was adopted, party lines were not so closely drawn. All of the radical group and Pine and Capper of the regulars voted with the Democrats. The vote was 54 to 34. But, since tariff legislation must originate in the House, the attitude of the Senate has no immediate, practical significance.

That the action of the House is to have at least political significance is perhaps forecast by the declaration of Democratic Leader Garrett that "the resolution presented the first opportunity to help bring about equality between industry and agriculture."

The House acted wisely; for even if tariff revision is desirable, neither Congress nor the country has given sufficient thought to it to warrant the undertaking at this session.

Standard Oil vs. Standard Oil

WHEN the old Standard Oil Company was broken up into its constituent parts in 1911, there was a good deal of skepticism about the reality of the dissolution. There should be little doubt now. The latest bit of evidence that two Standard Oil Companies can be on opposite sides is indicated by the controversy and the cut-price competition between the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Royal Dutch-Shell Company.

So bitter has this controversy been that it has become an exchange of charges and counter-charges. Indeed, a statement made by Sir Henri Beterding, chairman of the Royal Dutch-Shell Company, has been resented by officials of the Standard Oil Company of New York as a reflection upon their integrity and good faith. In response to Sir Henri's statement, the Standard Oil Company of New York has issued a long statement of its dealings in Russia and its plans to transport oil from Russia to India. It is against this plan that the Royal Dutch-Shell Company is fighting by cutting prices.

Now in this controversy, which is really a part of the struggle for the oil markets of the world, the Royal Dutch-Shell Company has been supported by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey as against the Standard Oil Company of New York. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey had a fifty-one per cent interest in a company that was nationalized by the Soviets, and it is with the Soviets that the Standard Oil Company of New York has been doing business.

So we see two Standard Oil Companies on opposite sides of a bitter controversy.

Democracy Wins in China

CHINA'S Nationalists have broken with Soviet Russia, and that fact means more than most Americans realize. We have had only scattered news of the affair.

The Nanking Government severed relations with Moscow on the ground of interference in its internal affairs. It

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Cartoons of the Week

Clubb in the Rochester Times-Union

Reservations are now in order

From Miss C. M. Zuern, Rochester, N. Y.

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

Reformer, heal thyself!

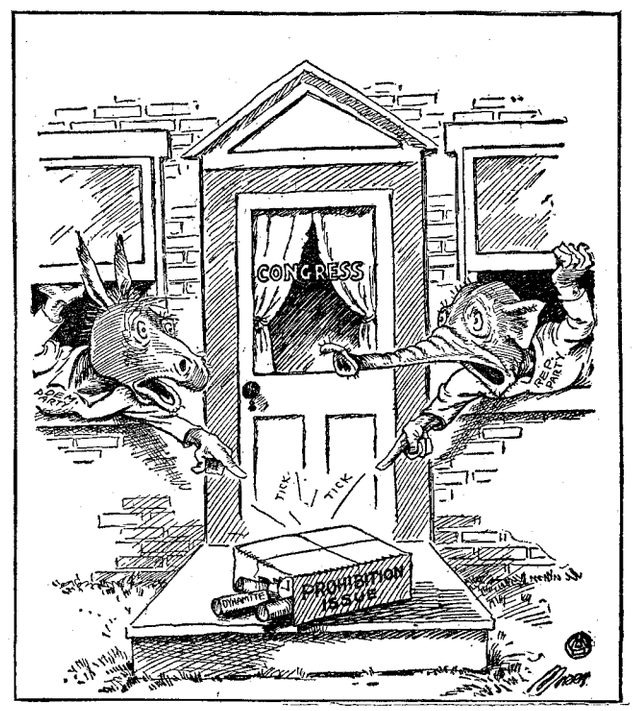
From Miss Clara Skillman, Springfield, Ohio

Chapin in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

Close [?] harmony

From Mrs. David Brower, Eeking, W. Va.

Morris in the Hartford Courant



"Hey! Dispose of that infernal machine, you!"
"Dispose of it yourself! Do you think I want to commit suicide?"

From Carleton Hazen, Middletown, Conn.

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Wide World

HAVANA GREETS THE PRESIDENT

The crowds on the water-front awaiting the arrival of the U. S. S. Texas, which carried the President and his party to the Pan-American Conference

then expelled Bolshevik representatives from its territory. From Russia came howls of hurt protest and condemnation. Chiang Kai-shek—the young General who earlier led the Nationalists victoriously all the way from Canton in South China to the Yangtze Valley in central China, only to be forced to resign in protest against a radicalism he repudiated—returned to direct military affairs. And the Nationalists have resumed their drive against the militarists of Peking.

Back of these facts lies a significant international play of forces. In the days when the radicals had the upper hand and every one feared that China was "going Red," Great Britain and the European Powers were greatly excited. They wanted the United States to join them in intervention in China. They found out that there was no chance we would do anything of the sort. They then settled down to a policy of sending enough troops to protect their citizens in Shanghai and cultivating relations with the more moderate and conservative Nationalists. And that faction is now in the saddle and dominating the Nationalist movement. The time apparently lost has really been a big gain.

When Dr. Hu Shih, the young intellectual leader of the "Chinese Renaissance," was in the United States last year, he said that the real test in China was whether the ideas of Soviet Communism or of Anglo-Saxon democracy would win; and now it appears that democracy has won at least the first battle.

Comment on Coolidge's Havana Speech

AMERICANS (or North Americans, as our neighbors to the south of us call us) may be pardoned for being confused by foreign comment on President Coolidge's speech in Havana. A composite picture of that speech made up of the various representations of it by editors and others in Latin America and in Europe is something like this: It was a bloody and sarcastic but sincere expression showing the way to peace and the progress of all the nations in this hemisphere, full of the hypocrisy of equality, quite worthy of a Baptist chapel, but giving a very true statement of the principles of international justice and fair dealing, and, though childish, quite statesmanlike.

Much of the comment reveals how highly charged with suspicion and misunderstanding is the atmosphere in which commentators on international affairs live and move. It is particularly plain that Italian and Spanish commentators do not relish anything which tends to bring Latin America and the United States to a better understanding. Indeed, some of them are quite naïve in exposing the feeling that lies behind their comments. Italian, Spanish, and, to some extent, French newspapers feel that the Latin civilization of South and Central America is endangered by Americanization. They feel that the natural bonds are between Latin America and Europe rather than Latin America and the United States. Consequently, they look upon our business enterprise as "dollar imperialism," and then when we disclaim any attempt to dominate by wealth and power, and show that we mean what we say by yielding advantages, they call our actions and our words self-praise.

If the sixth Pan-American Conference before which President Coolidge spoke at Havana should make progress in producing better understanding between the Latin-American republics and the United

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States, it would disappoint a good many observers in Europe.

Openly Arriving at Open Covenants

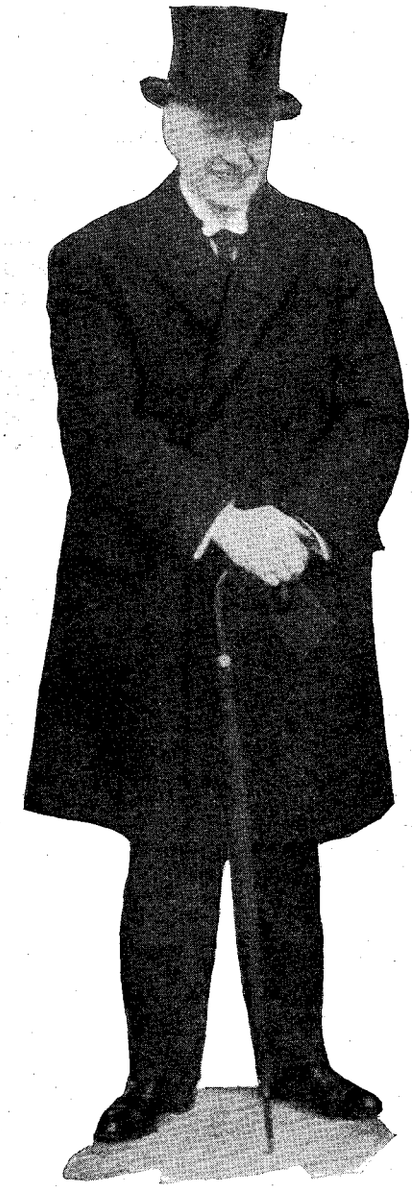
In seconding the proposal, finally adopted, that committee sessions as well as plenary sessions of the Pan-American Conference at Havana be open, the head of the United States delegation, former Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes, gave proof that the United States had no policy or purpose to hide. That the United States, moreover, was willing to have its policy in Nicaragua as well as other matters in the open Mr. Hughes proved by referring to it himself in his speech at the American Chamber of Commerce dinner in Havana in these words:

> We are at this moment in Nicaragua, but what we are doing there and the commitments we have made are at the request of both parties and in the interest of peace and order and a fair election. We have no desire to stay. We wish Nicaragua to be strong, prosperous, and independent. We entered to meet an imperative but temporary exigency, and we shall retire as soon as it is possible.

The advantage of allaying suspicion by open sessions is somewhat, if not wholly, counterbalanced by a disadvantage. There are certain subjects which cannot be discussed openly in their preliminary stages without endangering that agreement which is the very object of discussion. This is true in all affairs of life, and therefore true in diplomatic conferences. The result of unqualified open discussions may be either that the necessary private discussions are driven into informal meetings or that some of the most important subjects for discussion are wholly eliminated. In recognition of this it was decided at the Conference that any committee might on its own volition go on occasion into secret session.

Two subjects which have aroused a good deal of feeling in Latin America are the intervention of the United States in certain Latin-American countries and the project of turning the Pan-American Union into a sort of League of Nations of the New World. Although political questions are not on the agenda of the Conference, the question of intervention will enter in the consideration of the codification of international law. There are two sides to this question, for it is clear that if a nation is to avoid intervention by another Power it must be able and willing to fulfill its responsibilities as a sovereign nation. That the Pan-American Union will be endowed with any political powers seems at present unlikely.

Apart from any specific action which it may take, this Pan-American Conference will have accomplished its most important purpose if it develops mutual confidence and understanding; and apparently to that end its start has been auspicious.



Acme

William T. Cosgrave, President of the Irish Free State, on his arrival in New York City on January 20

Rowing Dates Are Changed

Of especial interest to those gentlemen of the far northwestern slopes of this country was the decision of the Board of Stewards of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association to hold this year's Poughkeepsie regatta on June 17. The decision was, of course, of great interest to all oarsmen throughout the country, but perhaps most of all to the University of Washington.

It is of general interest because this year is an Olympic year, and somewhere about July 9 or 10 the trials for the Olympic eight-oared and other rowing events will be held on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia.

The Poughkeepsie race, which is the big event of the college rowing season, is earlier by ten days than the date set for it last year and by almost a week than any dates of recent years. It affords the oarsmen who want to complete their college objectives and also enter the Olympic trials to come down from the type of training necessary for a four-mile row, the distance at Poughkeepsie, to the sprint distance of 2,000 meters, which is the course for the Olympics.

In 1924, the last Olympic season, the college and Olympic dates conflicted badly. It was necessary for Yale to row the short distance on a Saturday, and on the following Friday go back to the four miles for the race against Harvard. That the Yale oars were able to do this successfully has stamped them as one of the most remarkable crews ever trained in this country. They afterwards won over the world at the Paris Olympics.

And here is where the University of Washington enters. This college has been sending remarkable crews East every year since the war. In 1924 they had one of their most famous crews, stroked by the brilliant Al Ulbrickson, now their coach. Don Grant, now a coach at Yale, was coxswain. Because of what they felt their duty to the Poughkeepsie race, these oarsmen never went to the Olympic trials at all, and all Washington, intensely proud of their crews, has always felt that this was an unjust loss of a chance at world honors.

This year the Washington oarsmen have their chance.

Devereux Milburn Renounces Polo

Another meeting of the recent past, that of the United States Polo Association, resulted in the interesting handicap change that elevated Malcolm Stevenson to a rating of ten goals and made him one of the three players of the world to hold this highest spot of all. The other two are Devereux Milburn and Thomas Hitchcock, Jr. Thus this country has the only three top handicap players in existence.

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The meeting also brought forth the news that Milburn, perhaps the greatest player the world has had—certainly the greatest American—has played his last International polo.

Milburn has been a member of every American team since 1909, which year's team was the original Big Four and won from England the first victory to be gained by America. Milburn has let it be known that he will not again be a candidate for an International team; he is now forty-seven, and has been playing polo for thirty-three years.

Milburn's retirement removes one of the most picturesque and vibrant figures that American sport has ever produced.

Protecting the Automobile's Victims

ONE person in each one hundred in the United States was injured by an automobile last year.

One automobile driver in each twenty injured some one last year.

These, roughly, are the facts shown by figures given in the New York "Times" by Charles A. Harnett, Commissioner of Motor Vehicles for New York State.

Shortly after making this statement concerning automobile accidents Mr. Harnett was injured in an automobile accident himself.

Some such statement as his is necessary to pave the way for favorable reception of Mr. Harnett's proposal, which is that every automobile owner be compelled to take out a compensation policy for the benefit of the persons he will injure. The cost of such policies, he estimates, would be $28.83 annually for each automobile. The proceeds would be applied, not as liability insurance, but as compensation, immediately available regardless of responsibility for the accident, to injured persons and the families of those who are killed.

Such a plan, besides eliminating some of the hardships of injured persons, should tend to reduce automobile accidents—by reducing the number of automobiles, if in no other way.

Other means of reducing accidents are recommended also in the "Times" by W. H. Cameron, Managing Director of the National Safety Council. The principal one is the establishment in every community of a community safety council, non-partisan, non-commercial, representing all groups and all interests. He cites the fact that the ratio of automobile accidents has been reduced in cities where safety councils have been established. The number of automobile accidents have increased in the very large cities; but the very large cities have no safety councils, no consolidated organizations for the solution of traffic problems. The fact that accidents have been reduced under the safety council plan in cities as large as St. Louis and Cleveland indicates that similar results could be obtained in cities as large as Chicago and New York.

In short, cities that really try to do so can insure their citizens a larger measure of safety.

Border Fences

IF a bill recently introduced into Congress by Representative Hudspeth is passed, there will be built along part of the boundary between Mexico and the United States a visible, tangible wall. Cordova Island, which provides the site of this wall, just below the southeastern city limits of El Paso, is one of the many spots on the Texas frontier where, because of changes in its course, the Rio Grande has ceased to be the boundary-line. Because of its proximity to a good-sized border city, the island is a base for operations of bootleggers and immigrant smugglers. The wall is designed to keep the border runners on the Mexican side and to protect various American border-guarding agencies.

Men not yet middle-aged in the Southwest can remember when the Mexican border could be crossed back and forth at any time and almost anywhere, with nothing to hinder them but the casual injunction that anything dutiable should be reported to the nearest custom-house. Now, besides Congressman Hudspeth's wall, there has been proposed in Congress the building of a five-hundred-mile fence. This would stretch westward from El Paso across the desert boundary to the Pacific Ocean. Besides this fence and the wall, there have been proposed in Congress other fence lines east of El Paso. Such suggestions have been supported by various organizations in the border States for the Canadian border.

The same organizations and border-guarding agencies that support such measures also usually support such a proposal as that of Representative Swing, of California, to close all land ports on the border at six o'clock in the evening.

Is this policy of keeping foreigners out and citizens at home the price that we have to pay for prohibition and the restriction of immigration? Must we become subject to such surveillance in order to preserve ourselves as "a peculiar people" and protect our institutions? There are many Americans, particularly in the West and of the old stock, and with points of view which may seem old-fashioned, who do not like to pay this price. They feel that something precious in their country's traditions will be destroyed when their goings and their comings are regulated, even across international borders, more concretely than by the rules of the open ranges. When they wish to cross the line to search for a straying cow or a missing farm-hand, they dislike the prospect of having to ride twenty miles to an official entry gate and having to undergo the essential formalities of Ellis Island and the New York Custom docks after they get there. And there are others besides those in the West who feel as they do.

The increase in population and our special frontier problems are undoubtedly against them. Of course, too, the restrictions imposed during the war established habits not known in the United States before. As long as prohibition enforcement and immigrant exclusion are considered more important than free intercourse with the neighbors our borders will be fenced metaphorically if not really.

A good deal, however, is to be said for the old policy of letting Americans go and come as they please.

Service or Profits?

THERE seems to be a fair chance that this Congress will reduce our war-time postal rates, for the bill lately introduced in the lower house is said to have the approval of the Administration. Two years ago, when the subject was up, Senator McKellar, of the Postal Rate Commission, said of the zone rate, "There is no more chance of getting it changed than of flying to heaven."

What appears to have led to a change of heart is not the demonstrable injustice and inequity of the present Postal Law as regards second-class mail, nor the basic truth that the rates cripple and starve that purpose of diffusing intelligence for which the second-class plan was established. It is rather the growing conviction in Congress that lower rates will make larger money income. To be sure the Government is not in the postal business to make money; but official accountants still harbor the accountants' theory that each class of mail matter ought to pay its own expense.

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Kirby in the New York World

"You're a great American, Senator"

(See pages 173 and 182)

Eyes were opened to some extent to the fallacy of believing that the higher the rate, the larger the profit, when the rate on picture postal cards was doubled in the fond hopes of making $10,000,000 a year; instead, there was a loss of $6,000,000, and Congress took the back track. Another lesson has been learned from the extended use of freight, express, and boy delivery service by periodicals that wish to avoid the zone postal charges.

The changes proposed by the Griest Bill, besides cutting down zone rates on advertising pages of periodicals on a scale ranging from a reduction between 2 cents and 1.75 cents a pound in first and second zones up to a reduction between 9 cents and 7 cents a pound in the eighth zone, also provides reductions for third-class mail, expedites special delivery on the way as well as at the destination, and has other commendable features. It is not an ideal dealing with the long-needed reform, but it is a step in the right direction.

Tardy justice is better than admitted injustice. This Congress is not bound by the negligent attitude of the last Congress on postal rates.

Postponing the Tax Bill

THE Income Tax Reduction Bill, unless the Democrats succeed in forcing it onto the floor without a report from the Finance Committee of the Senate, will not receive any further consideration until after March 15, when the first payment of income taxes for the year will be made. The Administration has taken the position that, since the reductions contemplated in the bill as passed by the House are far in excess of those which the Treasury believes can be safely made, it will be necessary to have these returns in order to determine what the effect of the bill would be if it should become law. The Senate Finance Committee, by a strict party vote and a majority of one, decided not to report the bill until after March 15.

In the Senate itself the Republicans have only a bare majority, but it happens that a bare majority will probably suffice in this case to keep the bill from coming up. The insurgent Republicans are not in sympathy with the Administration program, but neither are they in sympathy with the Democratic program. They favor no tax reduction at all by this Congress. It is expected, therefore, that they will assist the regular Republicans in keeping the bill in committee until after March 15, since the longer it is kept from the floor, the better will be their chances of preventing action upon it at this session.

Thus is the Administration likely to be sustained by its enemies—for the ultimate benefit, however, of the enemies.

The Builder of the Panama Canal

GEORGE W. GOETHALS, builder of the Panama Canal, died in New York at the age of seventy on January 21.

When President Roosevelt found that a commission was an "extremely poor executive instrument" for such a stupendous and complicated work as the Panama Canal and Congress refused to give him a single-headed executive, he characteristically gained his point by first making Colonel Goethals Chairman of the Panama Commission and then by executive order enlarging the functions of the Chairman until actually one-man control existed. When the work was done, Roosevelt said: "Colonel Goethals proved to be the man of all others to do the job. It would be impossible to overstate what he has done. It is the greatest task of any kind that any man in the world has accomplished during the years that Colonel Goethals has been at work. It is the greatest task of its own kind that has ever been performed in the world at all."

While Goethals's greatest work and that with which his name will always be associated is the Panama Canal, he has to his credit other achievements both as an Army engineer and after his retiral from the Army. For about two years he served as Governor of the Canal Zone. During the Great War he was at first general manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation and later a member of the War Industries Board. After the war as consultant engineer he took part in the planning for the Holland Vehicular Tunnel. Not without many good reasons did President Wilson refer to him as "the greatest living representative of the engineering profession."

More than any other American military officer General Goethals in his career proved how valuable army training and skill may be in the peaceful advance of civilization.

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The Rotary Worm Turns

IN various January magazines there are symptoms that the worm-turning impulse is at last rather generally affecting the long-stepped-on Mr. George F. Babbitt and his literary partisans.

"Scribner's" announces some new points of view in editorial policy with the statement that "scoffing at the obvious faults of our civilization" and the tactics of the "hokum-exposures" will henceforth be considered as obsolete as the outcries of the ancient "muck-rakers." The "Century" carries an article indorsing the return of oratory which has been brought about in the Middle West by virtually everybody's participation in the floor proceedings of ubiquitous civic organizations. In "Plain Talk" Charles G. Norris pleads "In Defense of Babbitt" that the much-scorned revels and rituals of the luncheon clubs are advancing the cause of self-expression in the Republic more effectively than the opposing school's constant appeals for a somewhat sniffy individualism. The "Forum" has abetted Mr. Paul Elmer More in a review of some anti-Babbitt literary products, excoriating H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis as "brawling vulgarians" and employing other terms suggestive of their own vocabularies. In the "North American Review" Miss Katherine Beach Ely caps the crescendo with her article "The Sorrows of Mencken." Here she contends that the assault on the typically American culture summed up in "Babbitt" is simply a low and vicious form of exhibitionism, totally ineffective as social criticism and bound to recoil painfully upon its own practitioners.

Obviously, there is here preparing, if not already launched, a massed counter-attack on the American self-esteem wreckers who have been at work steadily ever since "Spoon River Anthology." Obviously, too, the zero hour is well chosen.

In the past dozen years the anti-Babbitts have fired a shell or two at pretty nearly every tradition, delusion, and convention in the landscape, and no doubt at a good many impregnable verities besides. Now their ammunition, if not their strength and fighting spirit, is exhausted. Counter-attacked, they will have little recourse but to use the fragments of their discarded missiles over again—that is to say, the same old subject-matter. They can hardly hold their ground, however, simply by repeating, with familiar and now almost ritual citations of evidence, that Mr. Babbitt is an oaf.

But, through faulty emphasis, the counter-attack, too, runs the risk of failing in its main objective. Between Zenith's naïve hero worship of Charles Schwab, Mussolini, four-minute patriots, and go-getter psychologists, as it flourished a few years ago, and the anti-Babbitts' often too evangelical mockery of the same, much could well be done to redress both Main Street's and Manhattan's sense of proportion. This, however, will hardly be accomplished by patting Mr. Babbitt on the back and telling him that he is the world's most intelligent patron of art, science, and learning, the sole bulwark of morals east or west of the Volga, the only dependable support of economic and political stability in a threatened universe, the mystical focus of all authoritative revelations in theology and American history; that his critics ridicule him only because they wish they were as good and successful as he.

Mr. Babbitt will be better served if the counter-attack exploits not his complacency but his really positive virtues. Not the least of these are that proneness to self-examination and that responsiveness to intelligent criticism which have enabled him during the past half-dozen years to shake himself free from much of the economic obscurantism, trumpery sentimentalism, and zeal for conformity which his critics had been laughing at. The counter-attack will succeed best if it profits by what the attack has wholesomely accomplished.

"Al" Smith or "Tom" Heflin

GOVERNOR SMITH'S letter to the Democrats gathered at the Jackson Day dinner in Washington was a political event of major importance in this campaign year. His practical reaffirmation of Jeffersonian democracy as the principle for the party was received and read like a message from a party spokesman—almost as a letter from Woodrow Wilson or Grover Cleveland might once have been read. That fact alone gave it pronounced significance, and it is not unfair to assume that some of the party strategists favorable to Governor Smith's candidacy for the Presidential nomination arranged to have things happen in just that way.

The now famous letter had two results.

It established the recognition of Governor Smith as a National leader. Before he had been "Al" Smith, of New York, a contestant for the party's choice to be reckoned with more seriously at the moment than any other Democrat, but still an Eastern and "Tammany" man whose relation to the most influential powers-that-be in the party was in doubt and about whose standing party members in other States felt unsure. But not every deserving Democrat—nor every prominent Democrat, even—can write a letter to the Jackson Day dinner and have it read as a pronouncement by a party head. The affair has blown away uncertainties and registered Governor Smith definitely as a National figure and a potential candidate, so accépted by men high in the party councils.

The letter, by affording a test of sentiment at an assembly of chieftains, also made it evident that no rush to the Smith standard could be caused. It was welcomed and applauded as a declaration of principles. But the meeting, strictly controlled, proceeded with its set business and did not turn into a jubilation for Smith. So it remains as undecided as ever whether the party will commit itself to the program he represents.

"Tom" Heflin, of Alabama, by bursting forth in the Senate against Governor Smith as an agent of the Pope and the hierarchy of Rome, has done something equally as important as the Governor's letter. He has made it almost unavoidable that any one who opposes Smith must seem to ally himself with Heflin and the Ku Klux Klan and their point of view. Heflin's intemperate campaign against Smith and the Catholic Church has shown, more vividly than anything else has done in a long time, how close a relation there is between intolerant Protestantism and the conduct of politics and public affairs in our country.

There are, of course, a great many Americans opposed to Governor Smith who are thoroughly out of sympathy with

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Senator Heflin and the prejudices which he voices. There are, too, many Americans distrustful of the Catholic Church as a political organization who are not intolerant Protestants. All such Americans should be among the first to protest against diverting public attention from consideration of Governor Smith's qualifications for office to the consideration of Governor Smith himself as a member of a church. Both by his record in the office of Governor and by his explicit declarations Alfred E. Smith is committed against the interference of ecclesiasticism in public affairs and for the complete separation of Church and State.

Is Governor Smith to become the center of a National controversy in which the issue shall be the power of prejudice? If so, the coming campaign will cut the roots of any fair and reasonable system of political choice. And men will be driven to support of him, not because they believe in him or his policies, but because they disbelieve in the attack that is made upon him.

The Death Penalty

CAPITAL punishment as practiced and observed in the State of New York cannot be said to uphold the majesty of the law. Retribution as an object of punishment is primitive and pagan, but, if it is to be exercised, it should at least be as majestic as the State that inflicts it. No one can see any sign of the majesty of the law in the scene which Mr. Terrett paints in his article in this issue. If the State cannot defend itself against the dishonor done to it under the circumstances surrounding that execution at Sing Sing, it cannot expect that by means of such an execution it will enhance respect for its laws.

Even when repudiated as retribution capital punishment has been defended on the ground that it acts as a deterrent. That capital punishment, however, as such has ever been a deterrent competent authorities deny. In support of their denial they have marshaled a great mass of facts. Those facts we shall not here undertake to rehearse. They may be found in such books as Warden Lewis E. Lawes's volume "Man's Judgment of Death" and E. Roy Calvert's volume "Capital Punishment in the Twentieth Century." One fact, however, stands out in history. It is that as civilization has advanced the resort to capital punishment has diminished. During the reign of George III in England such petty offenses as cutting down an ornamental tree in a park, exporting a ram and a ewe out of England, stealing geese from a commons, and cultivating the tobacco plant in England were punishable by death. As late as 1819 there was an execution in England or Wales for sacrilege. No civilized country today would think of resorting to the death penalty for such offenses, and no one imagines that resorting to the death penalty for such offenses would make life more orderly or safe. All authorities on the subject are agreed that severity of punishment has no such weight in deterring men and women from the commission of crime as have swiftness and certainty.

Because juries in America have become increasingly loth to pronounce accused prisoners guilty of death, and because the safeguards against error have seemed to increase in cases where error is irrevocable as in capital punishment, the death penalty has served to lessen both the speed and the certainty of conviction and even more of execution.

One reason for capital punishment remains—that it permanently removes those who have proved themselves dangerous. In some stages of society the only way by which those who have proved themselves a menace can be removed is by death. It is certain that in all stages of civilization there have been those who have forfeited their right to live among their fellows. The state has the right and the duty to do whatever is necessary to protect the lives of its citizens. It has the right and duty to kill the madman who is running amuck in a street if that is the only way to protect the lives of the passers-by. It has the right and the duty to take the life of a murderer if that is the only way by which he can be surely prevented from repeating his crime against the life of a fellowman.

The first consideration in deciding whether capital punishment is necessary, and therefore right, or not is not the feelings of the offender, or even the feelings of those who have the painful duty of carrying out the law, but the security and welfare of society.

To say that we cannot prevent a man from becoming a danger to society without putting him to death is to confess a weakness. But of that weakness in our present stage of civilization in America there is no doubt. Guilty men have undoubtedly escaped punishment through political influence, the power of money and social position, or the sentimentality of the mob or of public officials. As soon as we can make punishment swift and certain we shall have no need of the death penalty.

As practiced today capital punishment in New York State is equivalent to a public execution. In most civilized countries executions have ceased to be public because they have had a degrading effect. On behalf of publicity, it has been said that at least it enables the people to know what they are doing; but nothing whatever can be said for the kind of public execution that is made possible by the morbid and lying appeal of an unscrupulous press. If the State cannot control the circumstances surrounding the death penalty, it is allowing a punishment ostensibly established for the public benefit to be turned into a public injury.

These truths seem to us self-evident:

First, that public indignation against crime is better than public indifference to it.

Second, that there are human beings who have forfeited their rights to live freely among their fellows.

Third, that society has the right to do whatever is necessary to protect itself.

Besides, the following truths seem to us to have been established by experience:

First, that punishment as a deterrent depends upon its being both prompt and sure.

Second, that death of itself has not proved to be an effectual deterrent against crime.

Third, that public executions have tended not to prevent crime, but to increase it.

Our whole system of dealing with the crime of murder is open to challenge.

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The Street of Finance

A Weekly Review of the High Lights of Wall Street

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

BROKERS, who never tire of preparing charts, graphs, and tables of all kinds, frequently draw up parallel lists of factors they consider favorable and unfavorable to the stock market. Today, under the heading "Unfavorable," there regularly appears the item "Political Uncertainty." And nine of ten readers of the tables take for granted that without this item the list would be incomplete.

That Presidential elections have a baleful influence on the stock market—and on business in general—is a well-established tenet of the Wall Street credo, but it is one that has little historical justification.

The records of the Stock Exchange show that the market has risen more often than it has declined in Presidential years. During the last twelve of these years stock prices have advanced six times, receded three times, and three times shown only small changes in the course of the twelve months. The bullish years were 1880, 1900, 1904, 1908, 1916, and 1924; the bearish, 1884, 1896, and 1920; and the indecisive, 1888, 1892, and 1912. If we take the period since 1900, when political conditions resembled those of today more closely than did those of the twenty years from 1880 on, we find that stock prices advanced during five Presidential years and declined in only one, 1920.

General business has made almost as good a showing in these supposedly dangerous periods. Six times (in 1880, 1900, 1904, 1908, 1912, and 1916), according to Moody's Investor's Service, trade was more active in December than in January; three times (in 1884, 1896, and 1920) it showed a loss; and three times (in 1888, 1892, and 1924) the change was insignificant. Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, noted statistician and Vice-President of the Cleveland Trust Company, who has surveyed trade from a slightly different angle, finds that it was above normal in six of them (1880, 1892, 1900, 1912, 1916, and 1920) and below normal in five (1884, 1896, 1904, 1908, and 1924). In 1888 conditions were approximately normal.

From this simple review of the facts, it is apparent that both the stock market and business have done rather well

> The Outlook will be glad to direct any of our readers who desire to the proper sources of information, or turn their inquiries over to such specialists as we consider dependable and trustworthy.

when the country has been interested in the choice of a President. Only a psychologist could give an authoritative explanation of Wall Street's nervousness over an election in the face of this record, but any one at all familiar with the speculative community can hazard plausible guesses as to this phobia. In the first place, there undoubtedly have been Presidential elections which have been a legitimate cause for worry to security-holders and business men. The majority of speculators are neurotics, and they do not easily forget a scare, particularly when it is something as simple and concrete as an election. In the second place, professional market forecasters nearly always mention developments that conceivably might influence the course of prices as well as those that probably will be important factors. The reputation of a forecaster is derived more often from the number of possibilities that he outlines than from the accuracy of his prophecies. For this reason, lengthy discussions of the market's future are almost sure to include some words on the political situation. The writer of a market letter, for instance, plays safe if he calls attention to "the political uncertainty" as a possible source of danger. If stocks do well, he can say that other influences proved paramount. If they do badly, he can recall his warning. The frequent reiteration of such warnings have helped to keep the bogy alive.

To find a year in which a Presidential election obviously had an unsettling effect, it is necessary to go back to 1896, when William Jennings Bryan was riding the wave of popular discontent and threatening sound money. Nervousness over the political situation then was justifiable, as it was in 1876, during the Hayes-Tilden conflict, and in 1860, when the lines were being drawn for the Civil War. But these alarms of 1896, 1876, and 1860 are not likely to recur in 1928.

The only serious declines in the stock market and in business during a Presidential year since the beginning of the twentieth century came in 1920, and had absolutely nothing to do with politics. From the beginning of the year it was apparent that a Republican President with economic ideas as orthodox as Wall Street's own would succeed Woodrow Wilson in the White House. Satisfaction over National politics, however, could not counteract the depressing effects of over-production and inflation. The three Presidential election years since 1900 in which trade was subnormal were 1904, 1908, and 1924, all times of easy Republican victories, and in none of these years did business fear seriously any developments in the political arena

In 1928 reasons for nervousness over "the political uncertainty" seem indeed scanty. Wall Street is desperately anxious to see radicals kept out of the White House, and it always prefers a Republican to a Democrat. Otherwise, its interest is largely academic.

According to expert political opinion, no radical has a remote chance of election next autumn, and the odds are strongly against a Democrat. But even if a Democrat should be elected, it is likely that his fundamental attitude towards business would be nearly as conservative as President Coolidge's, which Wall Street finds absolutely ideal. Governor Smith, who probably would have a better chance of winning than any other nominee of his party, might be expected to attack the Bill of Rights as soon as the Federal Reserve System. The only specific measure that the lower tip of Manhattan Island could reasonably fear from a Democratic Administration would be a downward revision of the tariff, and it is far from certain that a Democratic majority in Congress could be induced to lower rates materially. The industrialization of the South has gone so far that such changes would be sure to meet strong opposition in the party's historic stronghold.

Frequenters of brokerage offices probably will continue to agonize over "the political uncertainty" during the next nine months, but security-holders and business men, if reminded that this is a Presidential election year, may well ask, What of it?

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Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

TO the big navy program of the United States Great Britain has responded—indirectly—by cutting down still further her plans for building new war-ships. Evidently the English are not only not going to rush into a campaign of competition against us, but intend to avoid it, if possible. That is a reassuring bit of news from London. If our own legislators at Washington are well advised, they will confine their discussions of the Administration's construction schedule to the question of what is essential to produce a balanced Navy and bring its equipment up to date, and will avoid alarmist speeches about other navies. Is that asking too much of Congress?

AMERICA has lately received as guests two sharply contrasted Irishmen—William T. Cosgrave, President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State, and his most prominent political foe, Eamonn de Valera. The irreconcilable trouble-making leader of the Irish Opposition—once head of the Sinn Fein rebellion—arrived first. De Valera now directs the so-called Fianna Fail movement, which has almost as many representatives in the Irish Parliament as the Government Party. He said that his trip was not for political purposes—as if any good Irish politician could ever be innocent of such purposes—but to make a study of industrial development in this country which might aid him in his party's program for the economic reconstruction of Ireland "when it comes into power." Belief that this told the whole story of his visit was qualified by a report that he came to start a drive for $450,000 to found a Republican daily newspaper in Ireland—a report on which he refused to comment. But he did say that there is "nothing so important for Ireland as a newspaper that will champion her freedom—and this she has not in a single large paper in Ireland today."

Mr. Cosgrave—bringing the story of a nation in which economic reconstruction is actually under way—came recently on a public mission of thanks to the people in America who gave help toward the winning of the autonomy of the Irish Free State and who sent millions every year to relieve its poor. Yet a less-discussed reason for his visit was rumored from Dublin to be a desire to offset De Valera's attempt to raise money here. The annual report of the Fianna Fail showed that out of the sum of $150,000 it spent in the last election campaign it secured $5,000 in Ireland and $145,000 in the United States. So, while funds from America helped to bring the Free State into being, still other funds from America keep its President on the anxious seat, and, true to form, the aftermath of Ireland's war continues to be fought out in America.

HEDJAZ, in southern Arabia, is a land of despair for safety razor and shaving soap manufacturers. Ibn Saoud, its ruler—the Cromwell of the Moslem Puritans—has not only forbidden smoking, the use of alcoholic liquors and perfume, and the wearing of silver and gold ornaments and silk garments, but has made shaving a crime for which both the barber and the man shaved shall be punished. It reads like a conspiracy in restraint of several lines of American trade.

TROUBLE between Poland and Lithuania seems again to be brewing. The issue between them is the possession of the city of Vilna, which Lithuania claimed as its capital and which Poland annexed seven years ago.

After an ostensible peace settlement between them under the auspices of the League of Nations in December, the spokesmen of the two nations repaired home to their respective Governments to take up diplomatic negotiations.

Poland proposed to Lithuania a conference at Riga to discuss traffic across the border. Lithuania refused, holding that there is no recognized border between the two countries. Obviously, it is impossible to discuss traffic across a border which is denied to exist. The Lithuanians argue that the present frontier is only a temporary one, fixed by Polish force, and that it would have to be rectified as part of the peace agreement. (That means the Vilna question.) Meanwhile, they are willing to discuss traffic by telegraphs, railroads, and rivers. Regardless of the frontier, their existence cannot be denied. Only Lewis Carroll or Gilbert and Sullivan could have thought up anything better.

Lithuania made her reply public before it was received in Warsaw—which did not serve to soothe Polish tempers. And Dictator Pilsudski does not look like a man to relish political witticisms, no matter how seriously intended.

THE UNITY OF GERMANY was the object supposed to be in view at a meeting held lately in Berlin by representatives of the eighteen local governments composing the federated Republic. But it adjourned—as Chancellor Marx had hinted it should do—without taking any definite action. The fact is that the smaller states distrust Prussia and fear any possible extension of her power. And none of the delegates wanted to hurt his chances at the coming elections by committing himself to positions that might prove unpopular.

A more effective force for closer unity in Germany may be found in the new Federation for Reconstruction of the Reich, headed by the former Chancellor, Dr. Hans Luther. Behind it are the most powerful industrialists and the most influential educators in Germany—and they are a group that generally get what they agree on.

AMANULLAH KHAN, Ameer of Afghanistan, now visiting the capitals of Europe, may come to America.

Up to two months ago the Ameer had never seen a railroad or a steamship. Arriving in Rome, the absolute ruler of sixteen million subjects confronted Western civilization without a blink of surprise.

The Ameer pleased Fascists, for he is known as the "Mussolini of the East," and his consort pleased every one.

The dramatic interest in his tour will center in his visits to London and Moscow—for Afghanistan, on India's northern border, is the buffer state between the British Empire and Soviet Russia in their conflicts of interest and policy in central Asia.

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Life and Death and Giants

Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

IN Germany, the other afternoon, seven little children were playing along an icy shore. Here was a new floor—a new ground for their adventurous feet. No one knew where it had come from—soon it would vanish—only for a little time could they play at walking over water that lay glistening like diamonds beneath them. Here was a whole new world, and somewhere, out a little farther perhaps, the palace of the Ice King.

But all this splendor was too brief. They had barely caught sight of it and embraced it when it was transformed before their very eyes. They were no longer on a great floor of crystal. The crystal was breaking into pieces and into more pieces. Now they were on a crystal boat—a boat of ice so cold that they crept close together in wonderment and awe. Even as they moved it became two boats, with three children sailing in one direction and the four others headed out to sea.

The afternoon sun was gone. The water dashed against the tiny crafts, flew into the air like fountains and fell upon the children like frozen lace. Beauty and excitement, cold and terror, followed each other, then darkness, and through the darkness, snow.

The big people lived up to their trust. They sent out boats with whistles and rockets on them. They discovered and rescued their children, and brought them back to earth and their matter-of-fact existence. But the news story tells how the children, before being warmed and fed, and even as that icy lace was being broken from their little bodies, looked up into the face of all this concern and laughed out loud as if their memories were only of wild delight.

OVER in Brooklyn, recently, a young man in the uniform of a French ace has been riding round the streets in a high-powered motor car. On the running-board of the car he carried the propeller of an airship, for he was none other than the terror of the skies, late of the French army, who had never missed his man. Aces must still live in peace time, but this one was almost as picturesque and thrilling as he drove through the streets of Brooklyn on his way to ask for a job as he had been in those desperate days of the Great War. But not quite so nimble. For his foot slipped one day, and he sprained his ankle climbing over the propeller to the pavement.

The newspapers printed his picture, with the result that he was haled into the police court. His second wife had found him at last, and was out for justice. He had deserted her; he had returned to his first wife, whom he had deserted in the first place. And who was he? He was the son of a Jewish tailor who had found life too narrow for him and the trade of making gentlemen's pants too mean. His dreams, his airplane, and his freedom came crashing down at once. And then his first wife was called to testify. "I have entered no complaint against my husband," she said, serenely. "Why should I answer any questions?"

There is a law outlawing any bigamy that goes unreported for five years. It was nine years ago that the hero had returned to his first wife—who entered no complaint. Is it possible that this son of a Jewish tailor in Brooklyn had managed to create for himself another world, so touched with romance, and so tangible at last, that one woman was content to inhabit it with him?

THERE is a road out of New York, winding over hills and past rainbow lakes, that is almost unreal in its loveliness. One of the small hamlets this road will bring you to is called Cross River—a few houses, a white church, a river, and a crossroads. On week days in the morning a large bus rolls along one of these roads carrying its load of children to the school. The holidays are over, the Christmas trees have met their ignominious end, all the tinsel and glamour of the season has become a dream. But not to every one.

The other morning there was a little girl aboard the school bus who hugged dear memories of Santa Claus along with her books and lunch-box. Suddenly, out on the road ahead, the miracle happened. One of that famous reindeer team (how had he ever come to be left behind?) appeared in the middle of the road. There was no doubt about it. The little girl held her breath in a delirium of joy, but the bus driver didn't feel so happy. With one hand on the horn he approached the deer. It was a terrible noise—enough to frighten reindeers and Santa Claus out of the world forever. Perhaps the deer felt it. Who knows what went on in his mind? Doubtless to himself he was the sole champion of woods and hoofs, of snow and stars and all things wordless. The deer lifted his head and stood still for an instant. Then he charged this horror of civilization coming down the road.

It was a brief tragedy. The deer lay silent by the roadside. The horn of the motor-bus had stopped and the driver counted the children to make sure none was hurt. But there was a little girl aboard who could not be comforted. Through her hysterics and anguish of mind, she kept calling out protestingly to an unheeding Heaven, "But what will Santa Claus do now, another year?"

FOUR years ago, over in New Jersey, an old couple moved into a new apartment. The apartment had four rooms in it—which was quite large for two people whose one idea seemed to be to stay close together. Their neighbors knew them for a quiet pair, gentle towards life and each other, and with nothing to trouble them. The sunny apartment was neatly kept, they never complained, and once in a while they were seen going together to the bank.

The other day gas leaked from under the door out into the hallway and down the stair. Inside, they were found still together. They had lain down meekly enough, no doubt, grateful that there was gas and to spare—that death would pay no more attention to them than life had done. At the last the old man had had his moment of rebellion and had struggled to get nearer to the door. Perhaps she had tried to follow him, for she had fallen part way from their one bed.

On the bureau the reporters found a little book, the one they had carried so carefully to the bank. Across its last page some unknown official hand had written firmly, "Account closed."

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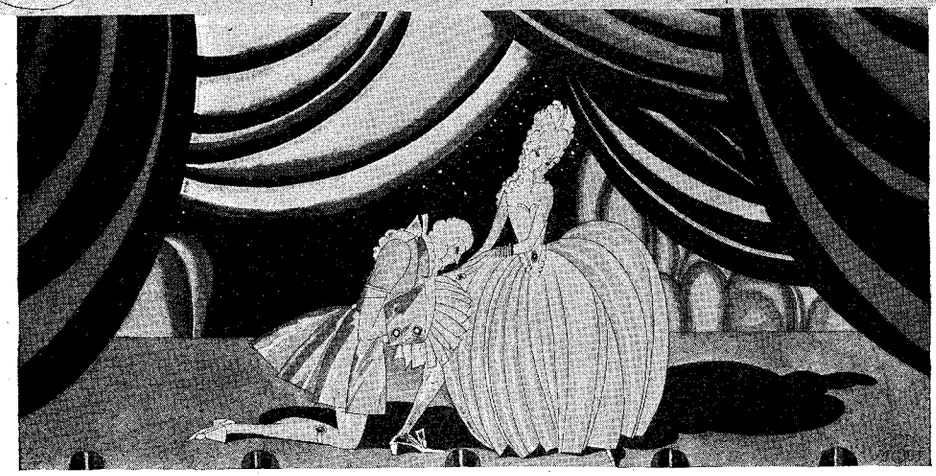
Lights Down



A Review of the Stage

THE average Anglo-Saxon play-goer who is accustomed to expecting a definite, clear-cut story when he goes to the theatre — and wants nothing else — will not be particularly enamored of Sean O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars" as presented just now by the Irish Players at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York.

Mr. O'Casey belongs to the school of realists who present life as they see it, without sentimentalism, without preconceived religious theories or social ideas, without propaganda; and who for this reason usually write plays which don't get anywhere in particular—there being no place to get!—but which give a picture of existence from an ironical and supposedly detached point of view. Mostly such plays consist of poignant, loosely knit scenes—group photographs, so to speak.

"The Plough and the Stars" is a formless tale of life in the Dublin tenements—report has it that Mr. O'Casey was once a Dublin motorman—and depends for its drama on its vivid depiction of human frailties and the conviction it imparts of the pathos and childishness and hopeless inability of humanity to agree on anything. In a sense, it might be said that Mr. O'Casey views only Irishmen this way, and not all humanity, for "The Plough and the Stars" is Irish through and through. But the conviction remains, nevertheless, that Mr. O'Casey sees all humanity precisely as he sees Irishmen. And that he is not exactly a Pollyanna.

The play begins in 1915, during the second year of the Great War, amid the hopeless political confusion of Ireland; and shows what happens, over an interval of a year, to a group of people who live in a brick tenement-house in the Dublin slums. These people are carpenters, laborers, fitters; their wives, daughters, and neighbors. There isn't any closely knit story, for the threads of these people's lives make up the strands of the plot; and the plot itself is hopelessly tangled up with the interminable arguments of the Irish; with ignorance, humor, whisky, politics, Socialism, consumption, heroism, thievery, and death.

The main thread of the story, however, is simple. Jack Clitheroe, spurred partly by vanity and partly by patriotism, despite the quarrels and entreaties of his young wife, Nora, joins the Irish Citizen Army and is killed in the street fighting of Easter, 1916, leaving his wife insane in the garret of a tenement-house where one of the neighbors lies shot on the floor—a woman—killed by mistake, as a sniper, by the British. Interwoven with this tragedy of Nora and Jack—which incidentally is the least convincing thing in the play—are the fortunes of all the people in the tenement; from Mollser, Mrs. Gogan's consumptive daughter, to Fluther Good, the carpenter, the Covey, the fitter, and Peter Flynn, the laborer—a trio as magnificently hot-tempered, and generally unable to get along with one another, or agree on the slightest thing, as it has ever been our good fortune to see.

To our mind, indeed, the fortunes of these three gentlemen, and the various adventures in which they find themselves involved, along with the incessant quarreling that goes on between them—quarreling and baiting and backbiting—the fortunes of these three provide the genuine interest of the play. "The Better 'Ole" or Kipling's "Soldiers Three" holds nothing any better than this trio of the Dublin tenements.

Once a tightly drawn plot is not demanded, and a clear realization comes to you that the dramatist is merely depicting life as he sees it, you will be a rare theatre-goer, indeed, if you cannot settle back with huge enjoyment to the absurd and grotesque adventures of these three Irishmen—their drinking and quarreling in the public-house, their pilfering of the stores in the wake of the street fighting, their card game in the tenement garret with the sound of the musketry still going on outside in the streets.

There are moments of pure drama in the play, of course. People are shot, and die; musketry rolls off-stage; Jack Clitheroe is killed and his companion-in-arms takes refuge in Nora's attic. There is a full measure of tingling, melodramatic suspense. And the play leaves the general impression that the people who genuinely suffered in Ireland's fight for independence were the bystanders who had nothing to do with it.

But the thing that remains in the memory after all this is done is the magnificent talent of the Irishmen for irritating one another; for being as pig-headed and as fluently and loquaciously ignorant and wrong-headed as possible; and for remaining at the end each precisely of the same opinion as he began. In fact, the feeling with which one departs is that, above everything, Mr. O'Casey has drawn a genuine picture of Irish character as he sees it—a picture that could be timeless and dateless and has as its only defect the confused background resulting from the choice of Easter, 1916, as the moment to show us his characters.

F. R. B.

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Hangman's Holiday

(*Continued from page 167*)

girls as vulgar as she had been at that same age, many men as dull as her husband had been; and, instead of being a solemn occasion, it was hilarious.

A man in the crowd pulled out his watch. It was two minutes past the hour.

Suddenly there was a noisy exchange of curses, the indefinable sound of knuckles against cheek, and a girl's excited cry.

Two young workmen, fragrant with cheap gin, were fighting clumsily, while a vivid-lipped girl who seemed to be the basis of their quarrel conventionally implored "some one" to stop them.

Half a mile away, in the death house down by the edge of the Hudson, the woman was being brought into the execution, staggering between two matrons.

A newspaper photographer who had been admitted on the false representation that he was a reporter, and who had heard the warden say that he would ask the witnesses, as gentlemen, not to smuggle cameras into the death chamber, bent over and placed on the floor a tiny camera specially built for this occasion.

While the guards expertly strapped the limp, exhausted woman in the big oak chair, and the executioner placed the electrodes on the bared right leg and at the back of her head, and decently hid her swollen face behind a heavy leathern mask, the photographer focused his camera furtively.

So, while the crowd at the gates cheered on two drunken brawlers and a photographer snapped his forbidden picture, 2,200 volts and 15 amperes of electricity swiftly melted out the life of a woman who had done murder, scientifically transformed her in the space of a minute and a half from a prayer-mumbling being to a cadaver.

It was over in a few minutes; and Gray took no longer. The reporters walked out into the night's refreshing chill, and presently the crowd at the gate saw a red flare—a tabloid's signal, fruit of days of "hushing"—burn brightly for a moment or two far down at the turn in the road near the prison office.

One of the waiting reporters leaped on the running-board of a car, screamed for the crowd to open a way. "They're dead!" he cried excitedly. The scufflers separated abruptly and the crowd turned away from them.

A dozen men fatuously remarked, "Well, I guess it's all over now."

The photographers crowded in a little closer to the gate and dusted powder in their flash guns.

The guards straightened up, assumed a brisk air.

Down at the end of the road a pair of headlights turned toward the gates, and a Klaxon's warning call mounted to a scream as the car tore toward the exit. Half a dozen ripped after it.

The crowd barely parted for their hasty passage, and the guards stopped the seventh car.

"How'd she take it, fella?" one asked, and the shaken, hoarse man within said, "She was crying pretty bad."

The guard let him pass, but the car could not pick up its momentum, and the crowd engulfed it. Boys and young women, eager-eyed artisans and heavy-faced matrons, thrust forward, calling a hundred variants of the same question.

The other cars that followed were slowed down similarly, their occupants likewise interrogated for a scant second.

"They had to carry her in," those in front called back excitedly and inexactly to those less fortunately placed. "She broke down. She was cryin' to beat hell. She fainted. She tried to fight 'em off."

They waited till every man had emerged, and three who came out afoot were nearly stripped of their clothes by the tugging, importunate hands of the horror-hungry crowd.

Then, slowly, the crowd broke up, went home to sleep and rise early for the newspapers.

Justice was served. According to the philosophy of the law, the world had been served with a deterring example. And the newspapers sold two or three hundred thousand extra copies.

Man's Business and the Woman's

(*Continued from page 169*)

butcher bills under his nose as an antidote to his "dreams." It is not intelligent, even though the pet scheme be a pure chimera. Wifehood too readily degenerates in America to a materialistic plane; I have a longing to see (and to cage for a museum!) the wife of the American man who burned with the same flame of faith as he in some idea, invention, or project, no matter if poverty nipped them for years. The annals of American inventive and business achievement are wreathed with the examples of men—like Charles Goodyear, for instance—who gave their all for years upon years in the face of ridicule and seeming hopelessness; but I have found too few wives who shared this inspired penury, and some whose faithlessness in their husband's idea made the path a great deal harder.

I would like to see, as a backfire against the materialism of America, more rather than less striving to "put across an idea;" but I would like to see wives and sweethearts think of men in terms of the idea that is driving them, rather than in terms of the house, furniture, automobiles, and other possessions which they visualize too easily, as the fruits of marriage. I would like to see the ideas to be put across by men scrutinized by woman's special faculties and made into a joint idea which can fire both with enthusiasm. I would like to see a wife interested in the processes of mind and heart which her husband puts into his career, rather than the things she can buy with the profits from his labors.

It is a common occurrence in America for men to fail in business, the news coming like a thunder-clap to the wife, who has had not the slightest warning. If she had known her husband, she would have seen the storm brewing even if he had never told her; and sometimes she might thus have prevented him from physical and mental ruin, as well as financial catastrophe. The very existence of a pride which inhibits a man from telling his wife of business stress and impending disaster is a significant commentary, not on the husband, but on the wife; certainly on the set of standards which animate both. These standards are dangerously false; they would be ridiculous and rare on the Continent; they are of a piece with materialism and divorce evils in America. After all, it is a fact that forty-one per cent of American corporations show a deficit at the end of the year—a significant measure of the stress men are under even in "prosperous" America.

American business life, to be sure, renders the familiar Continental daily partnership of man and wife in small business a rarity if not an impossibility. This throws the chief burden for the fusing of interest upon the wife; but the modern American girl has, in so many millions of instances, a business-office experience that the problem is at least somewhat simplified and taken out of the realm of the impossible. No man wants his wife "nosing around at his office;" no man enjoys retailing the day's petty details (nor hearing the household's petty details, either). These are not the kind of things I mean at all. I refer, first of all, to a mental assistance

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and grasp of precisely what the man is doing; but even more to the study and nurturing of the man's psychology in relation to his work—his soul, one might almost say, for American men do, in amazing degree, put their souls into their work. The American wife had better follow that soul into man's work, or realize quite clearly that their souls are apart.

We talk sentimentally of America's great comradeship between the sexes, but to what degree it is a myth has realistically been exposed by Sherwood Anderson, Scott Fitzgerald, Hergesheimer, Sinclair Lewis, and Theodore Dreiser. It has often seemed to me as if American wives or wives-to-be ask the impossible of their men. They ask material success, which means incomes of $4,000 or over, and they also ask that men play in woman's garden of leisurely interests and culture. It is enormously difficult to do, for the winning of material success by a man demands almost invariably, not only his whole soul and energy, but sometimes all that his wife can supply as well. As President Butler, of Columbia, asserts, we are living in a complicated civilization to which most of us are not adjusted; and when a husband by his efforts tunes himself up so that he includes himself in the class of two out of one hundred men in America who can earn more than $3,000 a year he almost invariably overdevelops one faculty at the expense of others, to the impoverishment of wife and family and society as well. The woman who chooses wifehood as a profession, rather than an independent career of her own, has the serious task of applying an intelligent, sympathetic corrective to the evil of man's over-specialization; which she can do only by getting very close to his work and his aims and his psychology. Business today is man's religion and art and science, and any intelligent observer can see that much of the genius which in other eras made painters, writers, soldiers, and musicians is today going into business; man is giving to it at present a quality of emotional, intellectual, and ethical vigor which, despite all the Marcelline-like cavilers, is a truly great achievement. The "man's game" of the present day is business, and if nine-tenths of women are going to make wifehood their career, as they are, we have got to develop in America a wifehood which will count in man's life more than a "neck to hang pearls on," as a friend of mine puts it. It has got to be a jcint enterprise, and a better-rounded one.

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Musical Impressions

A New Carmen, a New Isolde—and M. Maurice Ravel

By EUGENE BONNER

NOT since the departure of Geraldine Farrar from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, nearly six years ago, has the mantilla of Carmen rested with any great degree of permanency on the shoulders of any of her would-be successors in that brilliant but curiously difficult rôle. Difficult it must be, and extremely so, judging by the large number of casualties among artists of brilliance and distinction who have essayed the part of the Spanish gypsy and therein have met their Waterloo.

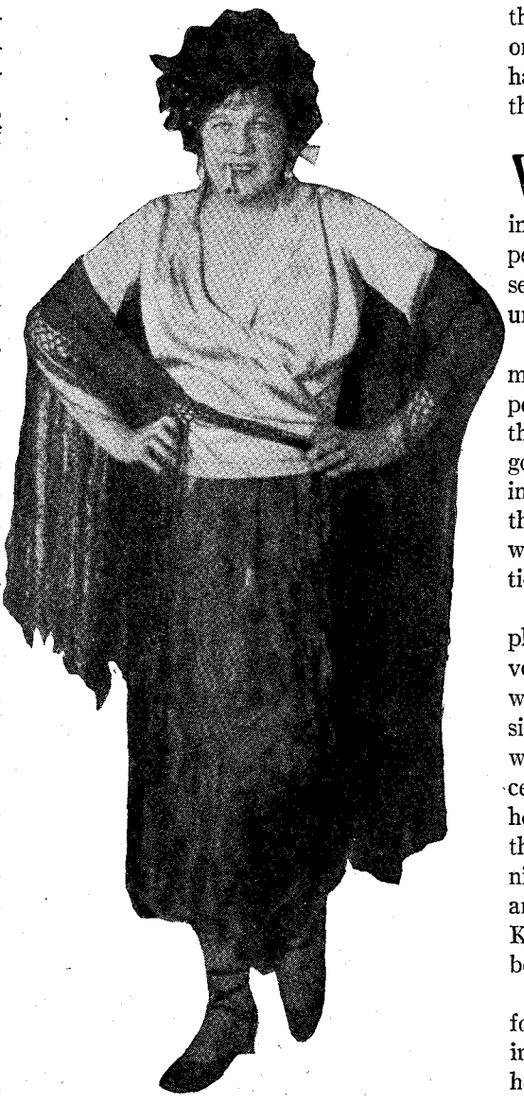
Now the revival last Friday night at the Thirty-ninth Street house of the Bizet opera was looked forward to with unusual interest, bringing forward as it did an entirely new cast of principals which included Maria Jeritza as Carmen, Editha Fleischer as Micaela, Edward Johnson as Don José, and Lawrence Tibbett as the Toreador. New scenery by Joseph Urban, new costumes, and a new ballet added to the gayety of the occasion.

Conflicting reports as to Mme. Jeritza's interpretation of the rôle, added to her own pronouncements on the subject, only served to whet considerably the curiosity of that portion of the public addicted to opera-going, a large contingent of which managed to squeeze its way into the Metropolitan the other evening.

For a few minutes after her entrance it looked as if the Viennese singer was going to give us a real characterization instead of one of her usual vaudevilles—even when she draped herself over a wheelbarrow to sing the "Habañera," she was not altogether out of the picture, but habit, alas! soon got the upper hand, and by the time the "Seguidilla" was reached she was lying flat on her back upon a table, in which position she delivered herself of the opening phrases, while the remainder of the aria was sung anywhere, everywhere, all round the stage. Hair tousling and bumpings were the order of the day, while a genuine Coney Island hoochi-koochi was thrown in that our cup of joy might be filled to overflowing.

Her second act was undistinguished, while the card scene in the third, which should not be difficult for a great artist, went for nothing; her Carmen was cross and irritable, and the note of impending tragedy was missing in her impersonation from start to finish. It was in the last act, however, that the last shreds of a characterization disappeared and it was into a screaming, scrapping fishwife that Don José finally got his knife; one awkward flop, another, and then another, and the curtain descended on this particular interpretation of a great rôle, a performance of sound and fury signifying—exactly nothing.

Edward Johnson was not altogether at his best in the earlier part of the opera, but came into his own in the last act, in which he sang and acted with his usual artistry. Lawrence Tibbett made a fine-looking Escamillo and sang well, though a little more repose here and there might have helped matters, but under the circumstances such a thing would have been well-nigh impossible.



Maria Jeritza as Carmen

The most genuine applause of the evening went to Editha Fleischer, whose singing of Micaela's air in the third act was the best vocal achievement of the evening and for which she received an ovation that stopped the performance for quite a few minutes. Her Micaela was a somewhat more vivacious one than we are accustomed to seeing; but must the poor thing always be represented as a moron?

The ballet in the last act was unusually well done and the dancing of Rosina Galli (who, incidentally, is looking very handsome these days) and Giuseppe Bonfilio deserved the applause it received. Mr. Hasselmans conducted this performance as if the accidental omission of his name from the program had relieved him of all responsibility in the proceedings.

WE are glad to be able to report quite a different state of affairs in regard to the début of Gertrude Kappel the following Monday evening in the season's first performance of "Tristan und Isolde."

One of the finest Isoldes of many moons, Mme. Kappel made her first appearance here practically unheralded, though many of us who had had the good fortune of hearing this great artist in many of her rôles on the other side of the ocean knew what to expect, and we were not disappointed in our expectations.

From the moment she sang her first phrases it was evident that here was the voice of Isolde; by the time the first act was over we knew she was Isolde. Not since a certain memorable performance with Olive Fremstad as the Irish princess and Toscanini conducting have we heard such a thrilling representation of this opera as was given to us Monday night. Handsome, commanding, with an almost wild beauty at times, Mme. Kappel held the audience as it has not been held in many years.

Her voice is powerful, but never forced or strident even when surmounting the *fortissimo* of the orchestra, while her *pianissimo* is an achievement of rare beauty. That last soaring utterance of

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Isolde over the dead Tristan was as near perfection, vocally and histrionically, as was humanly possible.

The others in the cast, notably Rudolf Laubenthal as Tristan and Karin Branzell as Brangaene, sang, under the spell of this Isolde, as we have never heard them sing before, a little divergence from the pitch on the part of all concerned during part of the second act being of no importance under such conditions. Laubenthal gave, in all probability, what is the best account he has ever given of himself here in the last act, while Mr. Bodansky conducted a really inspired performance of this stupendous opera.

A LARGE and enthusiastic Franco-American audience crowded the Gallo Theatre Sunday night to do honor to the distinguished French composer Maurice Ravel, who was making his début in New York in a concert of chamber music consisting of his own compositions.

After the String Quartet, a charming and delicate piece of work in his earlier vein played by the Hart House String Quartet, Mr. Ravel made his appearance and received quite an ovation, the audience rising to salute him. Incidentally, it is to be hoped that this rising-to-the-feet business won't get to be overdone; in the case, a few weeks ago, of a certain great artist's return to public life after her retirement it was a beautiful and touching tribute. It will soon become meaningless as well as something of a nuisance if adopted for every artist of distinction who appears before us.

Mr. Ravel played his delightful Sonatine for Piano, and in response to the prolonged applause played his "Habañera," and the "Pavane for the Dead Infanta" as encores. Following these he accompanied Miss Greta Torpadie in her singing of the "Histoires Naturelles," amusing little sketches of the peacock, the cricket, and other familiar dumb animals who, Heaven knows, are anything but dumb. The Sonata for Violin and Piano, played by Josef Szigeti and himself, was a delightfully satirical thing, and one wondered if he did not mean the second movement, called "Blues," to be a gently ironic comment on the prevailing use of jazz themes and rhythms in much of the more serious music of the day.

The "Chansons Madécasses," a set of three songs for voice, flute, cello, and piano, are among the more recent compositions of the composer. It was the second of these songs, "Aoua! Aoua! Mefiez-vous des Blancs," which created a disturbance when first presented in Paris two years ago at a concert given by Mrs. Frederic Coolidge at the Hotel Majestic, one of the guests, a Frenchman, raising quite a little row, thinking that there was some political significance back of the song and its presentation, when, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Coolidge had commissioned a work from Mr. Ravel and left the form thereof and the choice of the subject to him. All three songs, exotic, colorful, and, above all, ironical, were extremely well sung by Miss Torpadie, who seems well on her way to becoming the high priestess of the cult of the moderns in this city, at least where vocal works are concerned.

Mr. Ravel occupies a really unique position among the contemporary French composers. Strongly influenced at first by Debussy, he soon struck out for himself and evolved a style of his own, clear, delicate, and logical. While his output is small in comparison with most composers holding as prominent a position as his, practically every work is a masterpiece of its particular kind. The exquisite ballet "Daphnis and Chloe" and the outrageous and delightful "L'Heure Espagnole" are both well known here, though the former has been given in concert form only. His latest opera, "L'Enfant et les Sortiléges," a touching and unique little piece, has yet to be heard on this side, a state of things we hope will soon be remedied.

Our Own Theatre List

(*See "Lights Down: A Review of the Stage," on page 157*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"Escape," Booth.—Galsworthy's melodrama; an English gentleman, escaped from prison, plays hare to the constables' hounds in many exciting situations; Leslie Howard; what would you do if he took refuge with you?

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.

"The Doctor's Dilemma," Guild.—Farce, comedy, including a death scene; Shaw's fling at the doctors and people who think their own morality the only one; Alfred Lunt; better than ever.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Royal Family," Selwyn.—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should be.

"Porgy," Republic.—Folk-play; Negro life along Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gorgeous thing, if simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.

"Broadway," Broadhurst.—Melodrama; life backstage in a Broadway cabaret; excellently done; rum, passion, and pistols.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

"The Plough and the Stars," Knickerbocker.—In this issue.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

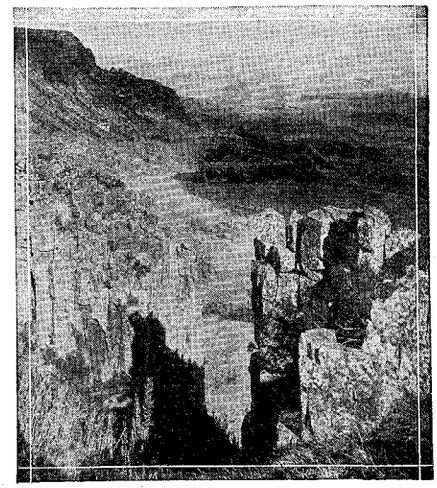
"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—Better than Ziegfeld's good ones.

"The Mikado," Royale.—Gilbert and Sullivan; better than you've seen it in years.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.

"White Eagle," Casino.—Friml's music.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.



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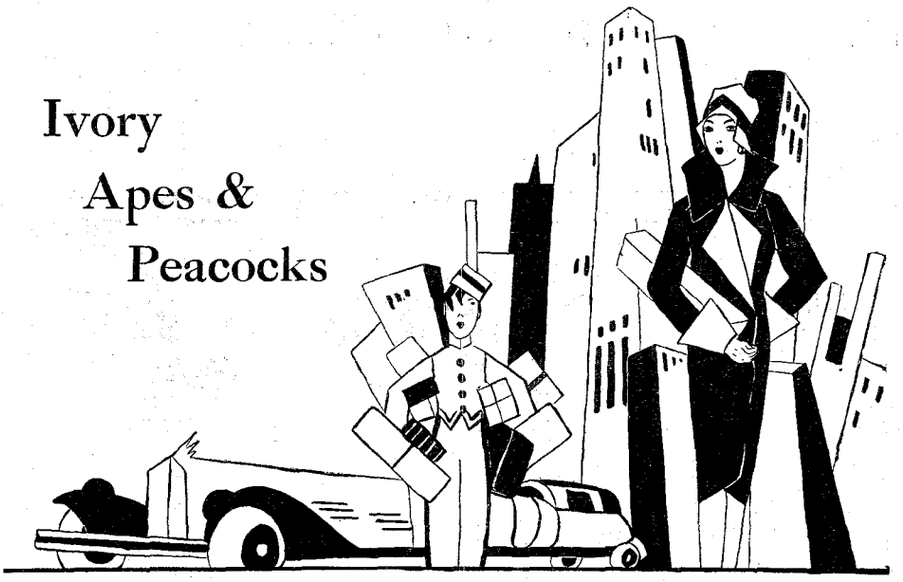
Ivory Apes & Peacocks



We Go to the Automobile Show

WE went, as we agreed with you, to the Automobile Show at the Grand Central Palace. We said to our companion: "Let's just look at them all, and pick out the one that we'd rather have than any other, regardless of price." But after we had looked at fifteen or twenty cars, we decided that that wasn't the way to do it. We wanted them all. As far as appearance went, there wasn't any tremendous difference, except, of course, that the higher-priced cars were shinier and more luxurious. We wouldn't mind being caught driving almost any one of them. The art of designing and building beautiful cars has been brought to such a degree of perfection that, while there are enough slight differences to suit individual tastes, there is little to choose in appearance between the cars in any one price group.

"Under the circumstances," we said, "it would probably be better to find out something about the mechanical details, since we can't base a selection on beauty alone."

"In other words," said our companion, "we believe that beauty is more than tin deep. Let's ask some questions."

If we had been an engineer, perhaps we might have learned something in this way. But after we had listened for half an hour to talk of dry-disk clutches and split-skirt pistons and flat-cambered springs and manifolds and generators and what-not, we were thoroughly confused, and we wondered why the average automobile salesman can't be instructed to tell in simple words just what are the advantages, if any, of the car he is trying to sell. After all, there isn't one buyer in a hundred who knows anything about the mechanical construction of the gasoline engine.

Nevertheless our time at the show wasn't wasted, and we learned a good deal. There are, we believe, some seven hundred models being offered for sale in 1928, and the prices of many of these have been cut drastically in anticipation of keen competition among the manufacturers, and possibly following the lead of Henry Ford, who is offering a much better equipped car at the old price. There are low-priced models of the Chevrolet, Whippet, and Star to compete in this class, and all three of them seemed to us very snappy and efficient looking cars.

We had to take a second look at many of the new models, which had been so changed that we could not recognize them without referring to the name plates. Among those that interested us particularly were the new Jordan, the new Chrysler line, the Hupp Century eight, the new Essex and Super-Six Hudson, the new Nash models, and the La Salles. This last car, from all we can learn, is coming very rapidly to the front, and with good reason. The new Buicks and Franklins were also of interest.

We noticed a great many wire wheels, and, although we have never liked their appearance particularly, they do seem to fit well into the design of many of the new models. Many of the cars, we observed too, were fitted with automatically adjustable radiator shutters. The things we disliked most were the dashboards. Ornamentation has gone so far in many of them and the various dials and indicators have been so subordinated to the designs that we believe it might be rather difficult to read even the clock or the speedometer. It seems as if a better arrangement might be worked out in such cases, whereby neither visibility nor beauty would be sacrificed.

As a whole, however, the show was a gorgeous affair. The automobile today is really a thing of beauty. The lines of practically all the new models are good, the colors are pleasing, and the upholstery has both elegance and comfort. We felt that it really didn't make a great deal of difference what car one buys, since competition is forcing higher standards all the time, and keeping each class in a closer range of prices.

WE saw an anti-glare device, made by Zeiss, which looked very practical to us. The dazzling light thrown from the white projector is cut down by pushing over the lamp bulb a yellow glass filter with a partly open cap. This has the added advantage of being an excellent light for driving through fog or mist, since yellow light penetrates fog more effectively than white light.

Another type of headlight can be tilted, so that for driving in the country it can be thrown far ahead, but in city driving or in passing another car the beam is thrown down closer in front of the car.

FOR motoring in cold weather there is a steamer-rug bag which will inclose you to above the waist. It is easy to get into, as it closes with a zipper. You can also get a three-piece set—foot-muff, cushion, and robe—in colored broadcloth lined with contrasting silk plush, each piece with a two-tone monogram. The foot-muff also has a sheepskin lining. There are, too, three-piece sets, with initials, made to match the standard upholstery of either Cadillac, Lincoln, or Rolls.

The Reverso is a reversible rear-view mirror, one side of which is bright for driving in the daytime, the other dull, so that at night you can see the lights of the car behind without being blinded by them.

There is a wireless cigar lighter which we, as a frequent passenger in the rear seat, prefer to the lighters which are tied to the dashboard by a wire. You press it in and heat it, and then you can pass it back to the rear seat without getting all wound up in wire. It comes in several colors to match your car.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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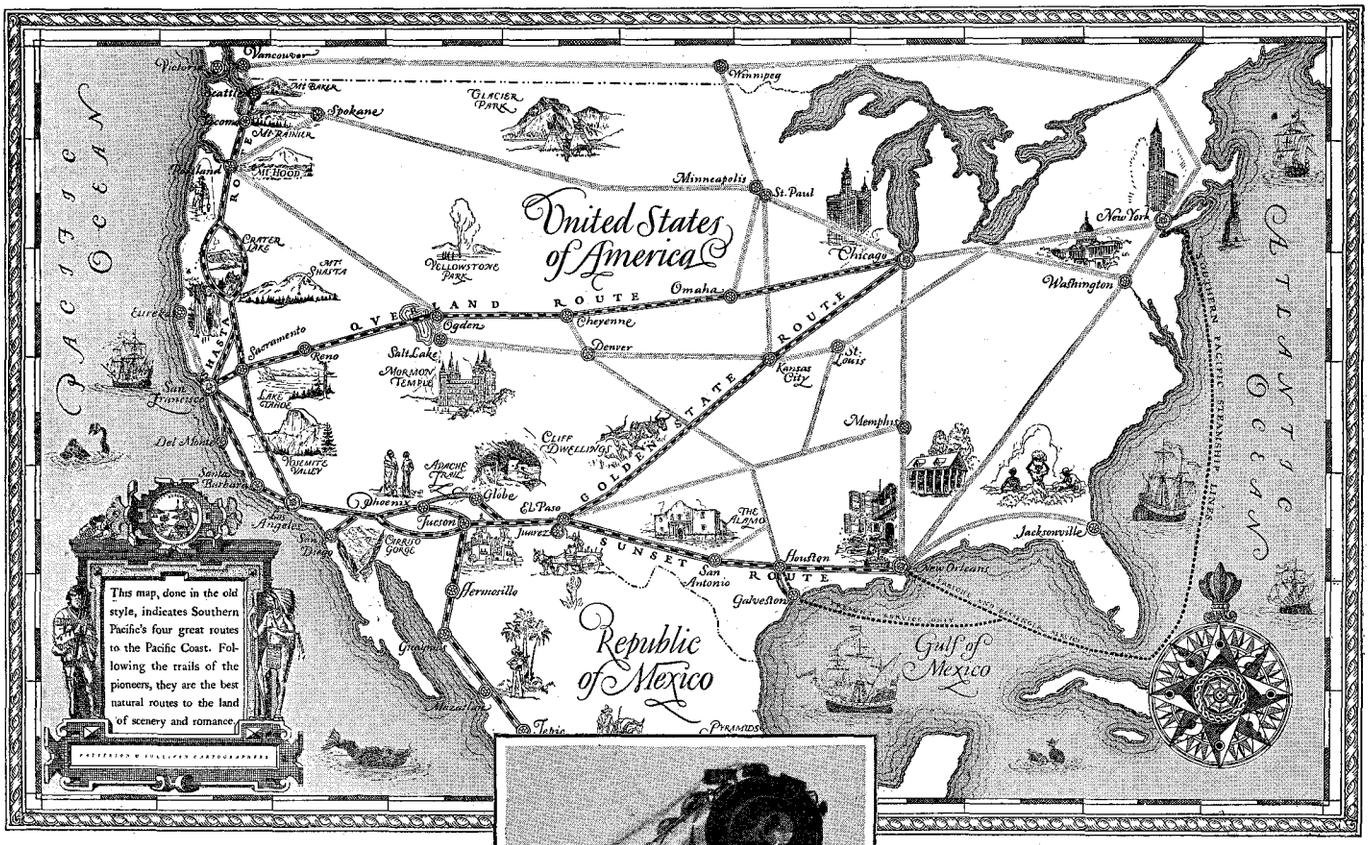

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Tell Me a Story

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Frank Peers

THEY were a minister's family—hard-working, high-thinking, plain-living, enjoying to the full every pleasure that came their way. When Father could spare time from his crowding parsonage duties, he told them tales—of his own boyhood, of their English grandfather and great-grandfather. Most beloved of all was the true story of "Jenny Buck-Tooth" and the fortune that might have been theirs. The children never tired of hearing it, as their father had heard it first-hand from his father, and when he finished they sat about the table, lost in an orgy of imaginative spending. Millions rightfully theirs lying in the Bank of England—when Mother needed a Sunday coat and Ethel ached for dancing lessons, when Anne had seen the darlingest dress in Warner's window and Jack asked only a chance to become an architect! As for Will, he would quit school, hire a tutor, and travel all over Europe on the royal road to learning. Think of having a maid—or two—or three—a lovely home, no more housework, plenty of books for Father, concerts and trips and—and—

Until Father, calm and unworldly, pricked the bubble with: "Well, if we'd had all that money, we might never have made anything of ourselves."

Jenny Buck-Tooth

As remembered by a descendant of Captain William Henry Harrison

GRANDFATHER was only a little boy, living in a small English town, but he well remembered his Uncle William Henry Harrison, adventurer, rover, and sea captain, with neither wife nor family, whose voyaging had brought him a modest wealth which he never stayed home long enough to enjoy. He was a romantic figure to his sister's children, and the whole family felt honored when he took a special fancy to Grandfather's brother, only a few years older. Indeed,

In almost every family there is one favorite story which is an unwritten classic. It is usually the invention of one of the parents, and is sometimes passed on with variations to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available.

the Captain grew so fond of him that he offered to make him his heir if the mother would allow the child to accompany him on his next sea trip.

It was a hard decision for a mother to make. Ocean travel was a risky business in those days, with none of our modern comforts, and her boy so young. Yet had she the right to deprive him of a fortune that might mean everything when he grew to manhood?

At last, against her mother-love, she consented. The bag was packed, Uncle William Henry Harrison arrived, ready to sail; crying, Mother put on Brother's coat and hat and kissed him good-by, and the tall figure and the short one went out the front door together. But they were only a few steps away when Mother ran out, calling after them to come back. She had changed her mind. She couldn't do it. The child would have to stay home.

Grandfather used to say he could never forget Uncle William's face as he picked up Brother, strode back into the house, and set him down on the table with a thump. Then, without a word, he turned and left the house.

They never saw him again.

For, as fate would have it, Captain Harrison's ship was lost at sea, and he with it. Before he left, however, he had intrusted to his sister's care a small pearl-studded box, a treasure in itself, but containing something of far more value—the deeds to his property. When the news of his loss came, the pearl box was safe in the family's possession, but the estate had first to go into Chancery, the English law courts, until death had been fully established and various legal matters duly observed. There was no doubt that eventually the inheritance would be theirs. But meantime it was long waiting and things were not going so well, so the father decided to try his fortunes in America, going ahead, as was customary, to make a home in the strange land for his family, who were to follow when all was well.

But before he could send for them his wife was taken ill. She grew worse, and died, without ever seeing her husband again. Everything—children, family possessions, and the pearl box—fell into the care of a middle-aged woman, half servant, half family friend, a little queer in her ways, but conscientious and faithful. Her name was Jenny, and she had only one tooth left in her head, so the boys, great teasers, like all boys, called her "Jenny Buck-Tooth." The nickname stuck, nor did Jenny love the young pests any better for it.

However, whatever her thoughts, she took capable charge of the little motherless group, packed up everything with care—including the pearl box—and set sail for America, where the father anxiously awaited his family.

Grandfather's chief memory of the ocean trip seemed to be that he and his brothers teased Jenny Buck-Tooth all the way, and that Jenny played favorites, buttering the biscuits for those of the children she fancied and handing them out dry to those she did not.

At last the long trip was over and they set foot on American soil. Jenny delivered children and family possessions safely into their father's hands—and disappeared!

At first they thought she was only lost

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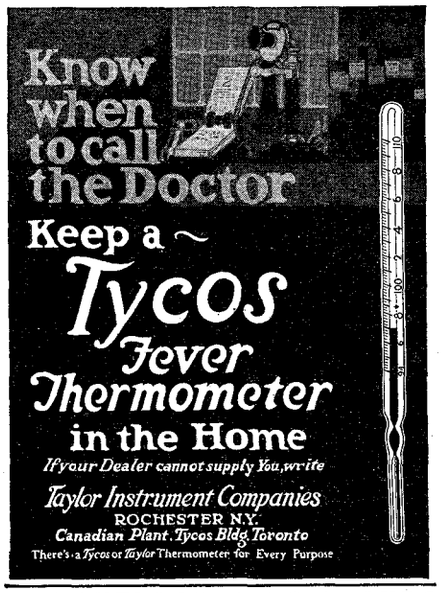
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in the crowd on the wharf, but searching proved useless. Jenny Buck-Tooth had gone for good—and with her the pearl box holding the papers to Uncle William Henry Harrison's estate!

Whether she knew their value or whether she merely sold the pearls for what she could get, whether she had planned it all from the beginning or whether the teasing had proved too much for her, nobody ever knew. Jenny Buck-Tooth had vanished—and with her the family's hope of a small fortune.

America was a vast place, with neither detective agencies nor telephones nor any of the easy communication of modern times. It was almost impossible to find a lost person who chose to stay lost, and, though the father made all the investigations he could, not a trace was ever found of Jenny or the pearl box or the papers. He and his sons and his sons's sons continued to spend what money they could, first in the search, then when that hope was abandoned, in sending lawyers back to England to establish the family's claim to the estate of Captain William Henry Harrison, lying idle in Chancery and growing richer year by year.

It was no use. The courts accepted the proof of direct descent from William Henry Harrison, but the papers verifying the Captain's ownership of his estate —where were they?

So the entire fortune—millions and millions of dollars by this time—has reverted, "unclaimed," to the British Government. Not one of those teasing boys nor any other descendant of Captain William Henry Harrison has ever touched a penny.

Poor old Jenny Buck-Tooth has had a sweet revenge.

Beginning Next Week

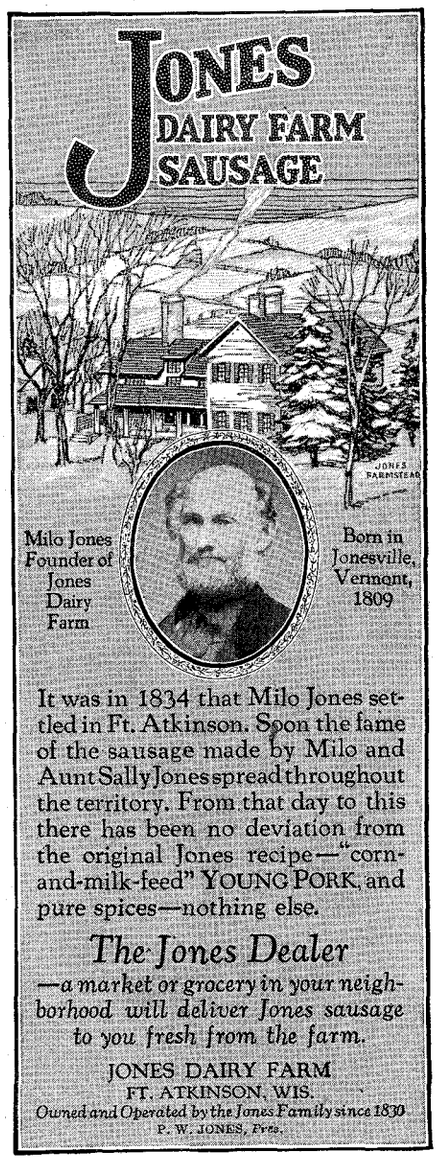
A new department devoted to criticism and appreciation of the movies.

By

ARTHUR M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Despite the lamentable number of atrocities," Mr. Sherwood says, "no one interested in the artistic progress of America can dismiss the movie. Pictures are being shown today that fulfill all of the requirements of a great play of the legitimate stage; that is, they thrill us, entertain us, and send us home with something to think about. The future will bring many more."

Mr. Sherwood is a brother of Robert E. Sherwood, also well known as a movie critic and author of "The Road to Rome."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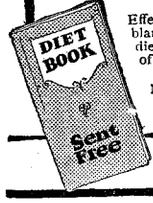

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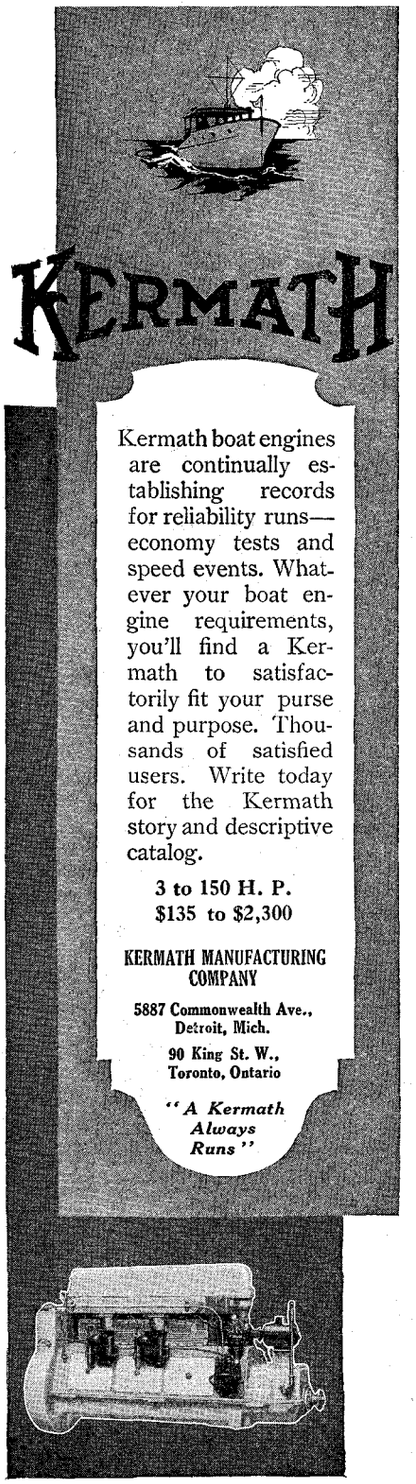
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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Boston—Old Corner Book Store.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.

Fiction

"Claire Ambler," by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Booth Tarkington's typical and painfully realistic flapper and flirt at sixteen, twenty, and twenty-five, breaking hearts at home and abroad. She is so real that you can hear her giggling coo, see her studiously nonchalant slouch. Every one who has enjoyed her Tarkingtonian predecessors will like to read about her. Reviewed January 25.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert and Charles Boni. A study in the operation of fate, whereby widely divergent lives are brought to the same end. This is not merely a clever device for relating fundamentally unrelated stories, as in "The Cabala" or in Lubbock's "Roman Pictures." Readers of this startlingly brilliant book will miss its worth if they fail to see the emotional depths which the shimmering surface covers. Reviewed by Mary Shirley, January 4.

"The Ugly Duchess," by Lion Feuchtwanger, translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. This story of mediæval Europe is told in the sober tones of realism. The duchess, ugliest of women, tries to sink the woman in the ruler, and fails. The background is the breaking up of a feudal society and is especially interesting to mediævalists. The story is stirring and powerful. Reviewed January 11.

"The Light Beyond," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co. This is one of Oppenheim's typical international intrigue stories. It seems especially designed for American consumption, as the stalwart hero who turns diplomatic tricks, saves lady spies from the dire consequences of their misdeeds, is remarkably foolish in his love affair, and saves civilization practically single-handed is one of our own bright boys.

"Kitty," by Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf. A young wife's struggle against her dominating mother-in-law for the possession of her husband, set in post-war England. You will enjoy it if you like a machine-turned story with humor and wholesome sentiment. Reviewed December 21.

Non-Fiction

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This highly gifted reporter's account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading to lots of Americans. Reviewed June 22.

"Bismarck," by Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co. This splendid biography by a master craftsman is unhesitatingly recommended to any one with a taste for solid reading. Reviewed November 9.

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, information, and color. Reviewed November 16.

"I've Got Your Number." Century. This is a new game which you may enjoy if you liked "Cross Word Puzzles" and "Ask Me Another" when they were in vogue. As it is not a book in the sense of being reading matter, we cannot comment on it.

"Our Times. America Finding Herself," by Mark Sullivan. Charles Scribner's Sons. This, the second volume of a social history of our times, is full of information and entertainment. It is especially valuable in presenting a study of many elements which have gone to form the present American attitude toward life in general. Reviewed December 21.

Efficiency in the Kit

By STERLING PATTERSON

"Modern Bait and Fly Casting," by Ozark Ripley. D. Appleton & Co.

There are, in the minds of most genuine Brothers of the Angle, only two pieces of writing which quite completely catch the spirit of the gentle and contemplative art of fishing. Obviously, the first of these is Izaak Walton's "The Compleat Angler" (a masterpiece frequently referred to but seldom read); the other is Don Marquis's "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith." Of such company Mr. Ripley's latest book is not. Yet it is a worthy volume, deserving of a place on the library shelves of those fortunate folk to whom trout, bass, and pike mean something more than a rather uninteresting morsel which precedes the fowl.

Like a news story in the New York "Times," Mr. Ripley's style tends to be more informative than interesting. To be sure, the novice would not be greatly assisted in catching a fish for himself by learning that—

Noah took his halo from his old bald head
An' swatted of a hoppergrass an' knocked it dead,
An' he baited of his hook,

but he might be much more inclined to undertake it if he suspected that he could make his own some of the infinite peace held in Marquis's closing lines:

Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,
Strummin' golden harps, narreratin' myth!
Settin' by the shallows forever an' forever,
Swappin' yarns an' fishin' in a little river!

However, it is hardly fair to regret that so little of the spiritual fascination of angling has found its way into Mr. Ripley's book when he has stated frankly that his object is "to impart information to anglers in a simple, understandable way, so that they may learn readily to master the proper form of modern bait and fly casting, and apply it to practical fishing at the very first opportunity." In this he has succeeded admirably. There are chapters on rods, lines, guides, reels, lures, bait, and fly casting for the leading inland game fish—all simply and directly presented.

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There are good lists of flies and a first-rate index. The quibbling over technical details, which clutters up the writing of so many sportsmen, is refreshingly lacking. Altogether, Mr. Ripley has prepared—for green hands and past masters alike—a compact and useful work. A reading of it will probably bring more victims to the creel. With this accomplishment no angler will quarrel so long as during the process the go-getter attitude rears not its ugly head and the philosophy of *Piscator* remains undisturbed.

Of recreation there is none
So free as Fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess;
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

"The Counterfeiters"

By MARY SHIRLEY

"The Counterfeiters," by André Gide. Translated from the French by Dorothy Bussy. A. A. Knopf.

To compare Gide with Marcel Proust, as is so often done, is perchance to do him some injury, for the casual reader is likely to be frightened by the mention of Proust, probably the most "difficult" of modern writers. There is something of a family likeness in these contemporary French masters, but Gide's thought and expression are far less involved than Proust's. Nevertheless Gide's novel is for the distinctly literate, and indeed will probably be read with greatest enthusiasm by "the trade." Above all, it is a novel for novelists, who will find its design of especial interest. "The Counterfeiters" is the title of a novel by Eduard —one of the characters in Gide's book— a novel within a novel. Eduard's notes furnish an illuminating commentary on people and events, paralleling Gide's own narrative. It was Eduard's ambition to write the "novel of ideas." "Up to now we have been given nothing but novels with a purpose, parading as novels of ideas." Partly through professional curiosity and partly through his genuine kindliness, Eduard becomes a sort of Providence working among the tangled lives about him, particularly in a group of youths whose thoughts and habits have been disastrously influenced by the perverted and utterly bad Comte de Passavant. This sinister character plays the rôle of Mephistopheles to these young Fausts, with varying success. He accomplishes the ruin of the brilliant doctor, Vincent Molinier, with the aid of the latter's mistress, whom Vincent eventually murders, going mad afterwards. The charming but rather vain

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and sensual Olivier falls under Passavant's spell for a time, but is saved by Eduard when on the verge of suicide. Passavant is also connected with a ring of actual counterfeiters, who set their "false money" in circulation through schoolboy accomplices whom they have corrupted. The introduction of the real counterfeiters seems almost superfluous, but perhaps heightens the symbolism of the spurious and abnormal emotionalism —the erotic "false money"—of Passavant's set.

Bernard, the most adventurous of the boys, left his home in a fine Byronic frenzy upon discovering that he was an illegitimate child, but returned to his supposed father after an encounter with —of all things—an "angel"! This would seem too quaint and incredible if one did not recall highly sophisticated Latin youths speaking in a most matter-of-fact way of their "angel" when resolving some moral conflict. This chapter, coming at the end of such a tale of decadence, is a delightful revelation of boyish naïveté. It is needed to alleviate the horror of the episode of little Boris, hounded to his death by schoolboy cruelty.

Gide's exposition of infamy and agony is so dispassionate that it is only after laying the book aside that one realizes how thoroughly he has turned the screw of our feeling.

Through Eduard, Gide gives his formula for the realistic novel: "A slice of life?—The great defect of that school is that it always cuts its slice in the same direction; in time, lengthwise. Why not in breadth? Or depth?"

It is a formula conscientiously and successfully observed.

They Come and Go

"Iron and Smoke," by Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co. "Cups, Wands and Swords," by Helen Simpson. A. A. Knopf.

A little more temperance is needed in the welcome given here to new writers. It is easy to see and deplore the effects of the contract system—the arrangement between publishers and writers for so many books in so much time; but its benefits to the writer probably outweigh its dangers. Even worse in effect is the over-generous criticism which every fairly good new writer and most better than mediocre new books receive.

With this for a text, two entirely dissimilar books, Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Iron and Smoke" and Helen Simpson's "Cups, Wands and Swords," may be reviewed together. Both are written by Englishwomen, but there the resemblance ends. "Joanna Godden," Sheila Kaye-Smith's first book to receive any particular notice here, was a good thing, strong, full of meat, direct. In any classification on merit of contemporary fiction it would be placed well up. It found plenty of critics, reviewers, and readers to overpraise it, and probably a publisher to contract for more like it. The result is "Iron and Smoke." It may be that all her former ardor fired Sheila Kaye-Smith in the writing of this book; if so, then somehow her hand has lost its skill to reach into her heart and snatch out the hot coals to set the new book blazing before the reader. Granted that the basic theme of "Iron and Smoke," the love of the land for its own sake and the tragedy of its exploitations, is one which Americans do not understand, still the story need not lie so lukewarm. It is the story of two women, mistress and wife, loving one man in whom the love of his land passes the love of women. His early death leaves them united in a common love and a common defeat. Their friendship becomes more sustaining than their loves have been, and carries them through the quarrels of opposing desires, through wars, through tranquillities and unheavals, into placid age. Sheila Kaye-Smith does well with women. Jenny, the wife, "jumped up" daughter of an iron master; Isabel, the mistress, gracious and lovely woman of the world; Isabel's modern daughter, Anna Luck; the ancient nurse—all these are living. And the men, especially the apostate capitalist, are interesting. But the emotional depths of the story are more discussed than felt, and the pungent wisdom which distinguished the earlier book has become vapid. The book is disappointing.

So let us be careful what we say about "Cups, Wands and Swords," by Helen Simpson, because it is her first book to appear here, and because it is a pleasure to read. In a season of excellent light reading about twins and young intellectuals in England, this is the latest book and the best. We have no youngsters like these that wander along the Isis and the Cam and the Thames at Chelsea. Their ageless honesties, their speculative brains, their luxurious bodies, their flippant tongues, are uncommon here and would be unpopular. But, strange or not, the young foreigners please.

In the beginning of "Cups, Wands and Swords" a fortune told by gypsy cards presages a fateful story. It centers in a pair of twins, a circle, half in shadow, half in sun. Celia is the child of light whose fate the cards foretell. She marries Philip. Anthony, her twin, the half of her that the sun does not strike, after desperate jealousy of Philip, looming large in Celia's mind and heart, dies, apparently a suicide. Dreadful months follow, through which Celia moves, half a soul in the awful life of the nearly mad, her mind filled to bursting with the thought that she has betrayed and killed her brother. Then understanding, triumph, and the renewal of life.

The device of the gypsy cards has indicated a supernatural tone for the story. But its use is easy. It pervades the book like the strange light which lies over a landscape when the heavy clouds of an afternoon storm lift at sunset, and changes commonplace figures into beings new, mysterious, and remote.

The theme of the story may be considered or dismissed at will. If it be dismissed, the story remains highly readable. Helen Simpson's wit is more than glib cleverness, her fun is of the rare kind that makes one laugh aloud in reading it. She can give life to her characters by the lightest breath of description, the briefest bit of dialogue. Or the philosophically inclined can see in her Celia and in her Anthony, objective man and subjective, doer and dreamer. The seeker after esoteric symbolism can even trace through her story of the twin soul the warring of the powers of darkness and light in man.

Helen Simpson's gift, above all, is for effortless expression. Writing in a vein which other contemporary writers (the reader will supply the names easily enough) have made familiar, she achieves with ease that happy mixture of wisdom and audacious wit, fatality, sophistication, humanity, which has cost them such evident exertion. Where they have arrived hot and panting, she comes unruffled and unblown. And so, because it is her first book to appear here, because it is a delightful book, and because, greedy readers, we want others as charming from her, let us hope that Helen Simpson is not committed to do another "Cups, Wands and Swords," only a little different, for next fall, and let us be temperate in the praise we give.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed in these pages or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

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The Incredible Heflin

(Continued from page 173)

the Senate is another thing. That his wishes have little weight with his Democratic colleagues is proved by the fact that when Senator Robinson had called a conference of Democrats and turned the position of floor leader back into its hands, all but one voted to retain him in that position—and that one, Senator Trammell, of Florida, explained that he voted against the resolution because of a technical objection. Robinson could have afforded to ignore Heflin, as, in the main, the country will ignore him.

True, Heflin is a trial and a tragedy to his party associates. His is a case of arrested development, or worse. He brought to Congress an ability which, if he had developed it, would have made him a serviceable Senator. But he developed only that side of his ability which has to do with the arts of the demagogue. Of those he is a master.

For a long time the people of Alabama —enough of them to give him a majority—voted for the Heflin that they used to know. That was partly true, but only partly, at his last election in 1924.

Since that time Heflin has been the only one-hundred-per-cent Ku Klux Klan Senator. I suppose he is not a Klansman. Nobody is, so far as I have been able to ascertain. The Klan, however, appears to claim him, along with other Senators, but he is the only one who "goes the whole hog." They told me in Alabama three months ago that he made one effort to break away, but that the Klan "scared him to death" and sent him, hot foot, on a speech-making tour. He comes up for election again in 1930.

Heflin's most recent outbreak, and his most virulent, may mean something to the Democratic Party, or it may not. The question of religion in politics is, in a sense, out in the open now. But it would almost certainly have had to come there anyhow, even if Heflin could have been able to keep his mouth shut.

I think that Heflin means nothing to democracy with the small d. There have always been demagogues and cranks, and, thus far, democracy has survived.

Until the day of that speech I should have said that J. Thomas Heflin is the only man who takes J. Thomas Heflin seriously. Now I have to suppose that Joseph T. Robinson does.

But I am sure that Thomas J. Walsh's attitude toward Heflin is the right attitude—to go calmly ahead with the day's work as though he did not exist.

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